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Ghosts in Finland

"Foreigners always see ghosts in the Finnish forests," said a Finn the other day, "and the Russians will see plenty of them." He was referring to the white-clad ski troops, who glide noiselessly and swiftly about the winter wilderness, outflanking the Soviet columns, surprising and harassing them on every hand. It is remarkable that in the first few days of fighting the small Finnish army should have held the Soviet war machine to such meager advances. Mines and tank traps seem to have played a large part also; the Soviet press is bristling with indignation against Finnish "treachery" in leaving so many mines to blow up the invaders. We wonder whether in the end the simple and trusting Red soldiers may not be surprised by a still more explosive discovery—that the Finnish people do not want to upset their government, but are fighting to protect their homes against invasion.

Sweden Next?

While Russia slogged her way into Finland, Germany caused a lot of speculation by starting a press campaign which accused Sweden of having egged Finland on. Three interpretations of this attitude are offered by observers. Some are confident that Europe has been divided in a secret agreement between Hitler and Stalin, and that Sweden falls within Hitler's realm. Others believe the present action is merely pressure on Sweden, in Russia's behalf, to keep her from helping Finland. A third interpretation is that it is part of Germany's campaign to intimidate the small neutrals into supporting her, and will be used to obtain a favorable

trade agreement. At any rate, Sweden is alarmed, and has replaced her Foreign Minister, against whom the attack was directed. All these guesses may be true. But we will venture a further guess—that Germany's next military move will not be against Sweden but in the Balkans, and that the Soviet Union likewise, unless it is balked all winter by Finnish resistance, will take Bessarabia from Rumania.

Good for Eleanor

For a long time, the Dies Committee has been trying to smear the American Youth Congress as a Communist group. Everyone admits that Communists have been members; so have Socialists, Republicans and Democrats. The question is whether the tiny minority of Communists ruled the organization. Mr. Dies says yes; everyone who knows anything about it says no. In the second group is Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt. Out of an intimate acquaintance with the organization she asserts that it is an American group serving legitimate American purposes. She expressed willingness to be called as a witness, but the Dies Committee had sense enough to know that it would catch a Tartar if it put her on the stand. She then indicated her loyalty by attending two sessions of the Committee and taking seven of the Youth Congress witnesses to the White House for lunch. She also spoke out sharply in her syndicated daily column about the way the Committee has been behaving. Mrs. Roosevelt is well aware that the Dies Committee is popular with large masses of Americans who are uninformed or are easily led into false emotional attitudes. Nevertheless, she did not hesitate to risk a decided personal disadvantage in

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order to stand up for her principles. The incident helps to explain why she is now the second most popular person in the country—if not the first.

Labor Wins the Apex Case

The United States Court of Appeals, in setting aside the lower court's decision against the union in the Apex Hosiery case, has wiped off the records a precedent which would have endangered all organized labor. The employer had won a verdict of triple damages against the union under the Sherman Act, for losses incurred in a strike. What precipitated the strike was the failure of the company itself to obey the Wagner Act by bargaining with its organized employees. The strike happened to be a sitdown, but at the time it occurred the workers were not members of the national union, which was called in later. Nevertheless, the employer sued the union for conspiring to restrain interstate commerce, and under the anti-trust law received a verdict for the expenses and loss of profits caused by the stoppage, multiplied by three. If unions were to be subject to millions of dollars of damage payments like this, they would no longer dare to support strikes for fear some illegal action, for which they were not responsible, might be taken by the strikers. The Court of Appeals sensibly decided that the union was not conspiring to interfere with trade, but merely trying to carry on collective bargaining, as it had a clear right to do. If acts of the strikers were contrary to law on other grounds, that was a matter for the state courts.

It will be noted that the Court did not decide—and never has decided—that unions have a blanket immunity from the anti-trust laws. The way is still open for the Department of Justice to prove that building trades, or other unions, in certain of their acts have conspired to restrain trade.

When Milk Is a Trust

The Supreme Court itself decided that the participants in the milk-marketing agreement in Chicago, which maintains prices to consumer and producer, are subject to prosecution under the anti-trust laws, although a lower court had held that they were exempt. Such combinations—in this case consisting of producers, distributors and organized labor in handling—are made immune by the agricultural legislation only when their action is specifically agreed to by the Secretary of Agriculture, as it was not in this case. The union had contended that it was exempt anyway, by the Clayton Act, but the Supreme Court did not pass on this specific issue, leaving open the inference that labor is just as liable as the others when the purpose of its action is restraint of trade.

This case has often been regarded as a conflict between the Department of Justice, which wants to keep prices down for the consumer, and the Department of Agriculture, which wants farmers to get higher

prices. The Supreme Court left the Secretary of Agriculture his power under the law, but barred monopoly practices without his consent—which seems reasonable.

The Supreme Court also sustained the National Labor Relations Board once more, in ruling against a company union established by the Newport News Shipbuilding and Drydock Company.

The Gentleman in the Copper Pile

A full-dress debate was recently put on in Washington about the proposed reciprocal trade treaty with Chile, now reaching the final stage of negotiation. Senator Johnson of Colorado uttered many spacious generalities—that we are opening our markets to foreign raw materials without requiring foreigners to buy from us, that we are importing raw materials of which we already have a surplus, that we are endangering the standard of living. Senator Wheeler of Montana joined his colleague in protesting. Secretary Hull in his press conference countered with the equally large assertion that the program of reciprocity makes for lasting peace, a balanced prosperity and a rising standard of living. Behind this impressive façade of words there lurks a mundane but important fact. The intention of the State Department is drastically to reduce the import tax on Chilean copper. The rich deposits of copper in our Western states are privately owned, and the owners charge all that the traffic will bear. This is one of the things that keep building costs high and add to the price of hundreds of other articles in common use. Competition from Chile might reduce these prices—although there is danger that it would not, since the same interests share largely in control of Chilean copper. Lower prices would reduce monopoly profits, for which Senators Johnson and Wheeler seem to be spokesmen.

Chrysler Can't Take It

The fifty-four-day dispute at Chrysler has at last been settled, but the company's distortions of the issues involved are dying a hard death. K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler, conceded that the new contract agreed on was a good one for the company and for "a responsible union," but maintained that the dispute "was one of the most baffling and unjustified in the history of American industry." He also said that the company believed the settlement could have been reached without the loss of a single day's pay.

Well, why wasn't it? The stoppage came about principally through Chrysler's refusal to negotiate a new contract embodying machinery for the settlement of disputes over production rates and recognizing the union shop. That the dispute lasted as long as it did was due solely to Chrysler's stubborn refusal to meet the union even halfway. Company officials, echoed by the press and radio, carried on a campaign of gross and unrelenting distortion of the union's position, but the stoppage was "baffling" to no one who took the trouble

to look behind the company's assertions. The union finally won concessions that brought Chrysler's outmoded policy a little closer to modernity. About 58,000 employees have gone back to work with a blanket wage increase of three cents an hour, overtime pay provisions not previously granted and an improved arrangement for handling grievances. The union early surrendered its demand for a union shop, but on the whole it won an advance. Isn't it time for Chrysler to admit that the only "unjustified" part of the dispute was its own antediluvian attitude toward it?

More Victims in Minnesota

Minnesota is going ahead and making Saccos, Vanzettis and Mooneys wholesale. Another twenty-five defendants have been found guilty of "conspiracy" under the WPA law, the total number convicted in three trials being now thirty-three. As we said in our issue of November 8, the only real crime of which these people are guilty is that of protesting, like other WPA workers all over the country, against the terrific reduction in WPA wages on July 1. Any disturbance they created would be amply punished by a \$5 fine. Instead, under a curious misuse of the WPA law, which makes it an offense to interfere with the right of a relief worker to his job, the defendants are subject to a possible fine of \$10,000 and two years in prison. Minnesotans frankly admit that this is a political trial, intended as a lesson to radicals. The chief lesson we see in it is that this is an extremely poor way to administer justice in a democracy.

Putting an End to a Bad Law

It is good news that the Federal Circuit Court in Pennsylvania has held unconstitutional the alien-registration law in that state. The statute, which was just about to go into effect, required every alien to register, pay \$1 a year and carry with him at all times an identification card. The court ruled that the law invaded an area reserved to the federal government and was not a mere census provision as the state maintained. Past experience has shown that a rule of this sort is sure to be used to intimidate aliens, especially radicals and those engaged in labor disputes. We believe that permanent residents ought, if eligible, to become citizens; but Pennsylvania's way of encouraging this is too reminiscent of burning down the house to roast the pig.

Ivy League Champion

The students at Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth, where the authorities refused to allow them to hear Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party of the United States, have good reason for supposing that these authorities believe Mr. Browder would have told them something that otherwise they would not know. They also must infer that the authorities do not trust them to make up their own minds on the basis

of first-hand knowledge. If there are any keener impulses in young Americans than a desire to investigate forbidden secrets and a resentment against over-protection by their elders, we do not know what they are. The students at Yale, on the contrary, were allowed to see and hear this Devil Incarnate—at least, a small number of them were. Knowing the inveterate skepticism of the academic lecture hall, we predict that fewer Communists will be made at Yale by these events than at Harvard, Princeton and Dartmouth.

But even if the contrary were true, there would still be an advantage for Yale. We seem to remember something in the American tradition, so highly praised in the universities, about fair play, sportsmanship and letting the other fellow be heard. Our congratulations to President Charles Seymour for acting as one would expect every American educator to act, especially when it hurts a little.

A Suit for Libel

Mr. Benjamin Stolberg has now been asked to put up or shut up. In *The Saturday Evening Post* of December 2 he attacked Dr. Jerome Davis, former president of the American Federation of Teachers, on the ground that he is a Stalinist and has even shown a tendency "actually to bar anti-Stalinists from the union." Mr. Davis, who says that he is not now and never has been a Communist, has brought suit for libel against Stolberg and the publishers of *The Saturday Evening Post* for \$150,000. If the case comes to trial, it will be interesting to see on what evidence Mr. Stolberg argues that he knows the contents of Dr. Davis' mind better than Dr. Davis does. Mr. Stolberg made similar charges against a good many other people, who have also asserted he was wrong. If they would follow Dr. Davis' example, the result would be a beneficial clearing of the air.

Absolutes and Planners

In looking over the many comments that came to us about the Twenty-fifth Anniversary number of *The New Republic*, we found one that seemed not only kindly, as most of them were, but more thoughtful and challenging than the rest. This was a column in *The Wall Street Journal* by Thomas F. Woodlock, who not only knows his railroads and his securities, but is a cultivated economic philosopher. Mr. Woodlock observes that the articles were dominated by two main ideas—one that this country ought to have a planned economy; the other that men must dispense with absolutes. These two ideas, according to Mr. Woodlock's way of thinking, don't go well together. For if we are to have a planned economy without too much state compulsion we must have a high degree of coöperation on the part of the citizens. But people will not develop enough self-sacrifice for coöperation unless they are dominated by some absolute like patriotism or religion.

To us it seems that Mr. Woodlock has his psychology a little askew. The persons who believe fervently in absolutes are the very ones who are likely to impose or support dictatorial compulsion, while those whose minds are open to objective experiment and tolerance are best fitted to cooperate freely in a society organized for social purposes. Who are our great, stubborn economic individualists? Are they not usually men who stand on absolute concepts like the Constitution of the Founding Fathers, or Calvinism, or the gold standard? Mr. Woodlock ought to know.

Ralph Bates

Ralph Bates's article on page 221 of this issue speaks for itself, but it may be well to remind our readers of some of the facts about the author. He is a well known English novelist who lived for many years in Spain and played an important role in the struggle for Spanish democracy. During the period between his arrival in the United States and Franco's victory he was highly influential both in marshaling public opinion in support of the Spanish Loyalists and in raising money for relief in Spain. Although he has always spoken for himself alone, he has exerted a wide influence. For these reasons, his judgment of Russian policy is of more than usual significance.

News Notes of a Week

The Allies began a total blockade of German commerce, ordering their warships to intercept all German exports, even in neutral vessels. . . . Fascist students in Rome held demonstrations in sympathy with Finland and against Soviet Russia. . . . Russia announced that she would not attend the League of Nations council session convoked to consider demands that she be declared an aggressor. . . . British industrialists seeking heavy insurance against peace before Christmas were turned down by Lloyd's, who are nobody's Santa Claus.

On December 5, three hundred Chicago Newspaper Guild members marked the first anniversary of their strike against The Herald-American. They charged that Hearst had spent \$5,500,000 in an effort to defeat the Guild. . . . Three officials of Madera County, California, refused to produce for the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee their records bearing on the recent Central Valley cotton strike, on the grounds that release of the information "might be against the public interest." . . . In Aberdeen, Washington, 500 rioters raided a Communist dance scheduled for the same time as a meeting of Finnish sympathizers, stoned a score of Communists and partially wrecked the building. Police arrived four hours late.

Stalin Spreads the War

THERE NEVER HAS BEEN a clearer case of calculated and unprovoked aggression by a large power against a small neighbor than the invasion of Finland by the Soviet Union. There never has been one more universally denounced by persons of all classes and of all shades of belief, the world around. So far as we know, the only exceptions are those members of the Communist Party and others—like the Nazis—who believe, or pretend to believe, the palpable absurdity that the Finns themselves were the aggressors and intended to provoke the conflict. The only comparable case in recent history is the violent absorption of Czecho-Slovakia by Hitler. But even here, the aggressor had better excuses because there actually were German minorities and a native government could be found that would bow to Hitler's will.

A review of the events immediately preceding the outbreak of the new war will make the denunciation clear. The Soviet Union demanded the cession of certain islands in the Gulf of Finland and a lease of territory on the Hangoe peninsula, all of which it intended to use as naval bases. It demanded a strip of land near Leningrad, to push the frontier farther from that important city. It demanded part of Finland's Arctic seacoast. It demanded a demilitarization of the Russo-Finnish frontier. In exchange it offered a strip of land

in Karelia which historically had been inhabited by Finns. Finland negotiated about these demands, conceding some of them but refusing others. It is reported that the Finns were willing to surrender the Gulf islands but would not allow a Russian naval base on their mainland; that they were willing to cede some territory near Leningrad but not enough to include their main and carefully prepared line of defense on the Karelian isthmus. They did not wish to render themselves defenseless or to be drawn willy-nilly into the Russian sphere of influence as the Baltic states had been. Here the controversy rested for awhile, although negotiations were not permanently broken off. The Russian press attacked Finland savagely, and the Finns, thoroughly alarmed, mobilized. Soviet troops were also concentrated on the frontier.

The final crisis occupied just four days. On Sunday, November 26, an editorial in Pravda, the Moscow organ of the Communist Party, complimented Premier Cajander of Finland in the following terms: "He . . . writhes like a snake . . . whines, rubs tears all over his dirty face . . . sheds tears of grief, crocodile tears, they say, which are the vilest, most disgusting tears in the world . . . but still more base and false are tears shed by a buffoon imitating a crocodile. Reptiles of this species have no sharp teeth, no strength, but are marked

with perfidy and the lasciviousness of a small beast of prey." Sunday at midnight the official Soviet radio alleged that Finnish artillery had fired on Russian troops. The government in consequence demanded the immediate withdrawal of the Finnish army. On Monday, Finland replied at once to the note, denying the firing and saying that artillery fire had been observed on the Russian side of the border. It offered, however, to negotiate for a withdrawal of troops from both sides of the frontier, and suggested an investigation of the alleged incident by a joint commission. The reply of Molotov on Tuesday was to reject these proposals, to accuse the Finns of menacing Russia, and, in the same breath, to denounce the non-aggression treaty with Finland which had until 1945 to run. Meanwhile, the Soviet press and radio centered their broadsides on Finland, threatening her with the fate of Poland, while numerous factory meetings passed incendiary resolutions. Finland sent another note. Before its delivery, Molotov spoke over the radio Wednesday at midnight, breaking off diplomatic relations on the ground that Finland was hostile toward the Soviet Union and had rejected friendly overtures. It was on the next day that Soviet planes bombed Helsinki, killing many civilians, while the Soviet army and navy attacked in force. The Russian radio and press did not tell the people of the existence of war for sixteen hours after it had started, and then presented it as a Finnish invasion which was thrust back.

The Finns, at a secret meeting of Parliament, voted confidence in their government, but the Cabinet resigned and a new one was formed representative of all the elements in the population. This promptly began an attempt to reopen negotiations. Meanwhile, however, Russia announced the establishment of a "Finnish People's Government" on a small piece of marshland taken from Finland; its Premier was a Finn who had been in Russia for twenty years and was in charge of Scandinavian relations for the Comintern. Russia promptly made an agreement with this "government" embodying all the concessions she wanted.

Ralph Bates, in his article "Disaster in Finland" on page 221 of this issue of *The New Republic*, deals adequately with the cynicism of this behavior on the part of the Soviet government, as well as with the lack of necessity for it as a protection of Russia's security against possible attack by any of the great powers.

Even though we should make the monstrous admission that the facts are as Soviet government propaganda states them, still its action could not make sense. A Russian government afraid of Finnish invasion would have accepted Finland's offer for a mutual withdrawal of troops from the frontier and for a joint investigation of the border incident. So would a Russian government which feared that Finland was seeking a chance to foment a war in which Britain could take part. A rea-

sonable settlement of the outstanding dispute—which Finland certainly gave signs of being willing to make—would have been the indicated course in this event. And, if the Finnish people had been oppressed and were looking for a way of throwing off the yoke of their masters, air bombings and a *Blitzkrieg* on land and sea would not have been the way to induce them to accept their liberators.

Indeed, it is the very assumption that there is some justification for the Soviet government's fear of future attack by the great capitalist powers that underlines the criminal folly of what Stalin has done in Finland. There are, all through the world, powerful forces that would like nothing so well as to turn this war into a holy crusade against Bolshevism. They exist in Germany, in Italy and the Vatican, in France, in Japan and, by no means least, in Great Britain and the United States. The plea of these forces is that the Western nations—including Germany—should cease their civil war and unite to oppose the Asiatic menace. Even publicists like Walter Lippmann and Dorothy Thompson have talked like this at times; it is the secret hope of every Tory in the world. So far, the drift in this direction has been held in check by the comparative self-restraint of Stalin's action. In Poland, he only took territory that had previously been granted to Russia by the "Curzon line" and that was inhabited by peoples akin to those already in the Soviet Union. The former government of Poland, moreover, had been incompetent and dictatorial; while the territories in question would probably have been overrun by the Nazis if the Red Army had not moved in. In the Baltic states, the somewhat precarious existing governments had had to yield nothing except military bases. Those whose enmity was directed mainly against Hitlerism kept cherishing the hope that in the end the Soviet Union would act as an offset to the Reich and would be satisfied with strengthening its own position.

The New Republic in the past has pointed out that Stalin's action had been immensely successful in terms of power politics but that a final judgment on his shrewdness would have to be reserved, for it was possible that he would overplay his hand. This he has done, in a most blatant and obvious way, in Finland. By a brutal assault on a well governed, intelligent nation that had won the admiration of the world for its sturdy and progressive culture, the Soviet Union has unleashed the dogs of hate that were already straining to tear it to pieces. It has made defense of its action impossible on the part of those who were friendly or were willing to reserve judgment. It has provided a strong moral case for those who wish to destroy communism and all its works. It has diverted against itself much of the hostility that had hitherto been concentrated on its greatest and nearest political enemy. This is a disaster, not only for Finland but also and more certainly for world communism and the Soviet state itself.

It is well for the United States to consider carefully its action in this crisis. President Roosevelt will be approved by the vast majority of the citizens in offering to mediate, in seeking a promise not to bomb open cities, in expressing his abhorrence of what has happened, and in extending to the Soviet Union the moral embargo against the shipment of war planes to nations that bomb civilians, already in force against Japan. If the Soviet government had seized the opportunity to withdraw, it would not only have aided world peace but would have done itself a service.

Beyond this, we should watch our step. Already the more reactionary forces in the United States are not only demanding that we break off diplomatic relations with Moscow, but are attacking the administration for ever having recognized it. From this it is an easy transition to genuine war incitement. American conservatives bear a hatred toward the Soviet Union such as they never entertained toward Hitler or Germany. Their influence has hitherto been thrown on the side of neutrality in the European war. But if Russia could be the enemy, or could be identified as a real partner of Hitler, they would be only too ready to fight. All their force will be thrown on the side of a great ideological crusade such as they rejected when its object was Nazi aggression.

If the American people wish to limit the war and to remain out of it, they will be chary about encouraging the idea that they are itching to fight in this cause, as in any other. The emotions of anger toward Russia and sympathy for Finland which Stalin's action has aroused are real and cannot be denied. But it is just when such emotions are at their height that we are in the greatest danger of committing ourselves to a course which may lead to battle. If we join the war, it will not be because of foreign propagandists but because of ourselves. A world war against Bolshevism has no more value than a world war for any other cause. Let us not act as Stalin's accomplices in provocation.

Ohio's Disgrace

IN OHIO, many thousands of people are on the ragged edge of starvation. In several cities relief has been stopped for all single persons and childless couples, and even families with children have had their allowances cut. Pupils have fainted in school from hunger and the hospitals are being flooded with "malnutrition" cases—a polite term for starvation. During the week of December 3, 12,000 or more people in Cleveland have each been told to live on two pounds of cornmeal and four pounds of apples. These relief "clients" haven't even pennies for a newspaper; by thousands, they are walking to the municipal stations to find out who has condemned them to starvation and why. The federal government is hastily improvising

WPA projects for the cities, but the truth is, as Samuel Grafton has shown in an excellent series in *The New York Post*, that most of the so-called "employables" are not fit to work.

There was no reason for these thousands of people to be tortured in this way. Their plight is the deliberate act of Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio and the rural members of the State Legislature. Together, they have refused to permit state funds to be used, or to let the cities increase their present tax rates as most of them would be glad to do. The rural legislators have swallowed whole the Republican theory that those on relief are just lazy, and could easily get work if they were forced to. Governor Bricker is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, and is trying to make an economy record for himself.

His statement in his own defense, issued December 4, is a classic of evasion. The Governor refuses to call a special session of the Legislature because, he says, its members are not convinced that the cities "have already done everything possible to help themselves." Has he spoken personally to all the legislators? The Governor also says, "No one will argue but that the hungry must be fed," which is a queer statement in view of the fact that the hungry are *not* being fed. Meanwhile he omits two of the chief points raised by municipal officials of Ohio cities. First, they feel they are entitled to a greater share of state taxes, denied them by the farmers under a rotten-borough system. Second, they want the right to levy taxes other than those on real estate. Probably much should be forgiven to a man stung with the presidential bee, but we wonder how many people in the United States think that a child fainting from hunger in school is a good testimonial to the fitness for high office of the man responsible.

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Disaster in Finland

ASPECTER IS HAUNTING the world, the specter of a revolution that is dead. However, in these days we are not so frightened of ghosts, and we have, moreover, the duty of understanding how the Russian crime against Finland came to be perpetrated. Only in that way shall we, free liberals and radicals, learn what we have to do. There is no time for prelude, only the bare bones of a revaluation of the last years can be given here.

Democrats, liberals, radicals and revolutionaries have given support or sympathy to the Soviet Union, because in one degree or another, her policy has seemed to be right, particularly in the last few years. But it may happen that a defense of the Soviet Union becomes an offense against everything rational reformers, radicals and revolutionaries desire. It has happened. Those who not only do not condemn, but fulsomely praise, the Russian barbarism in Finland, are serving reaction in this country. The word "peace" is apt to become suspect when a Communist cries a halt to the war between the Allies and Germany and applauds the invasion of Finland. The Communist who demands that Mr. Roosevelt mediate in the major struggle, but declares him a warmonger for offering to mediate in the Finnish case seems to me as futile as a lady who, damned for murder, might boast of her virginity in hell. And if Stalin desires to unite the capitalist powers, democratic and fascist, against him, then he has chosen an excellent device to that effect. And if a Communist desired to make Britain's war appear to be a Holy War he might approve of the Russian technique in Finland, which is identical with that of Germany in Czecho-Slovakia and Poland. Indeed, the Communist Party is making a great, though unconscious, effort toward creating a war psychology in this country.

RUSSO-GERMAN TECHNIQUE

The Russian and German techniques in the carrying out of their present foreign policies are identical. They are the classic attributes of the *Realpolitik* that has uniformly produced disaster throughout all history. When Frederick the Second of Prussia invaded the Austrian Empire (then supposedly as weak as Finland, because governed by a woman) he wrote the following in a letter to its sovereign, Maria Theresa:

Nothing could grieve me more than the knowledge that you have misunderstood the motives which have actuated the occupation of the Silesian provinces by my armies. The danger to which the menacing attitude of two of your neighbors exposed your crown lands impelled me to occupy a strategic position from which their movements can be controlled and their offensive purposes frustrated. My heart

is for you, even though my arms must be against you, but believe me . . . the stability and future of your successful reign could be best vouchsafed by the move which I had to undertake and which, history will show, was solely motivated by my desire to be of service to you.

History, of course, records that Frederick never gave back Silesia, long after Maria Theresa was safe. The whole thing has a contemporary flavor. Finland, we are told, at one stage of the sickening process, was unable to defend herself. The present invasion is for the good of the Finnish people.

Compare the Russian devices with the tactics used in Hitler's conquest of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland.

Austria, we know, was doomed, by reason of her smallness, because her governments relied on Italian *Realpolitik* for support, and by reason of the suicidal policies of her semi-fascist dictators, Siepel, Dollfuss and Schuschnigg.

Schuschnigg, like Tanner, was called to the enemy's stronghold and rejected every reasonable compromise. Seventy-five percent of the Russian demands (unnecessary demands, as I shall show) were conceded by Tanner. Seventy-five percent was not enough. It was all or nothing, just as it had been with Schuschnigg, who was told that Hitler had intended to march on February 26. Hitler demanded that a Nazi, Seyss-Inquart, be admitted to the Austrian Cabinet. Moscow sets up a dummy Finnish government in a small fishing town near the border, recognizes it and concludes a treaty with it. Japan had done the same in the Far East. A group of obscure leftists, headed by a Comintern functionary, becomes the Finnish People's Government, and, over a non-existent radio, gives out a provisional program, the very punctuation of which reeks of Manuilsky.

Seyss-Inquart delivered his country to Hitler, without plebiscite. The Terijoki junta has not even asked for a plebiscite, nor has Moscow; it will probably be taken when once the Red Army occupies all Finland. The junta, as a device, is intended to be an imitation of a valid phenomenon that has often occurred; that of a people setting up a real government against an unrepresentative clique. There is not an atom of evidence that the Finnish people were ready to overthrow their government, or that they were even dissatisfied with it. Errko obtained his parliamentary vote of confidence, and, like Benes, resigned when he thought that his personality was objectionable to the great lover of the Finnish people in Moscow. To no avail, in both cases.

It is well to remember that the taking of Austria was a strategic move, necessary for the attack on Czecho-Slovakia, and useful in keeping Hitler's friend

and potential enemy, Mussolini, in a state of affectionate subservience. Therefore, and at once, the German dictator assured Prague that he had no designs on Czecho-Slovakia. Molotov, while the batteries were rolling into position, assured Helsinki that he also was innocent of designs on her liberty. The lie was deliberate, cynical, and transparent in both cases. What next does Russia want in the Baltic now she is taking her Austria?

Consider the Goebbels propaganda concerning Czecho-Slovakia. There were countless massacres of Sudeten Germans, it was said; there were border incidents that were magnified beyond all credibility. There was a Polish submarine which got out of an Estonian harbor and threatened to blow up Leningrad. When Estonia yielded, we heard no more of that submarine, which is still at large in the depths of Stalin's imagination, ready, one suspects, to come up as a Finnish gunboat in a Swedish harbor. There were border incidents on the Finnish frontier, according to the Russian press. Nobody, not even the most ardent Communist, believed the story. Had it been true it would never have justified what is occurring.

The Polish invasion by Hitler was described by the German press as "counter-attack and pursuit." The Russian invasion is "resistance to Finnish aggression." It is the macabre gibberish of a political "Finnegan's Wake." Czecho-Slovakia, the Germans were told, was an outpost of Bolshevism. That country was to be used by Russia, and by Britain and France, to throttle the German people. Airports existed all over Czecho-Slovakia for the purpose of bombing Germany. The Finns have built too many airports also, Moscow declares. Benes was being urged on by Stalin, Chamberlain and Daladier, lied Goebbels. Finland was being primed for the imperialist war on Russia. Who believes it? What person with an elementary knowledge of geography and of military matters, or of the nature of probability, ever credited the story for a moment? What powers are behind Finland? The United States of America, *The Daily Worker* says. They do not add Germany, for Germany is "a victim of aggression" (of the non-Finnish type) and therefore not so very guilty just now. Yet Germany is the only country which could have used Finland as a base for attack on the Soviet Union. And that has become impossible since the Russian diplomatic capture of Estonia and the other submissive countries of the Baltic. Those countries, by the way, had governments as conservative or more, and societies as "feudal," as that of Finland. We did not learn the fact from the Communist press, because those governments submitted, and became Good.

Then it was Britain and France who were urging Finland on to war. What any Finnish statesman was doing accepting the promises and suggestions of Mr. Chamberlain after the Polish débâcle we are not told.

Nor are we told why Mr. Chamberlain, who had refused £5,000,000 subvention to his Polish ally, should offer support to a useless enterprise against a country his speeches had shown he was trying to placate and to keep out of the arms of Germany. There was no possible threat to Leningrad except from German submarines, and they have other tasks just now. There was no necessity for the acquisition of Finnish territory. Should the Finnish government at any time permit a foreign power to base an attack on Russia from Finnish soil, Moscow would have a perfect case for entry into Finland. Such an attack would necessarily be so insignificant that the Russians could deal with it with ease.

The Russian propaganda makes point counterpoint with Berlin's. The similarity goes further than I have as yet indicated. Goebbels is not always allowed to tell his listeners what is happening in foreign affairs. It was many hours before the Russian people knew they were at war, and they still do not know (Saturday, December 2) that Helsinki has been ruthlessly bombed. So it may be that Mr. Molotov himself does not know, for he sarcastically informed the exterior world that Mr. Roosevelt's plea that cities should not be bombed was irrelevant, because the Socialist State had not bombed cities and did not intend to do so. About that time the airplanes were above Helsinki; however, the pilots were probably Trotskyite saboteurs seeking to discredit the regime, and as those gentlemen are quite capable of doing such a thing, my suggestion for a good propaganda lie may be taken seriously by Pravda. The fascist device of not declaring war was also used, not so much because of Russian discourtesy, but in order that the fiction of being at peace might be maintained. Bel-ligerent countries, and aggressive countries in particular, suffer certain disabilities in commerce. There is identity, too, in the attitude of both the German and Russian governments toward their subjects. It is a tragedy that after all these years of Socialist Education, the Kremlin should obviously judge that Russian public intelligence is about on the level of the German, and somewhat lower than the British and French.

It is *The Daily Worker's* estimate of its readers also. In the issue of Friday there was no mention of the bombing of Helsinki, unless it was hidden in an obscure corner. The bad faith, and the shame, of the Communists is evident. The only press in the world that approves of the Russian invasion of Finland, other than the Communist press, is the *Boersen Zeitung* and the *Voelkischer Beobachter* and the rest of the Nazi organs. There the whole Russian case is accepted, approved and adumbrated with theory. In fact, says the *Boersen Zeitung*, the defeat of Nazi Germany is desired by Britain so that "the capitalist powers could hurl themselves on the Soviets." It is a sign of medievalism to wage relentless war against Nazism, says Mr. Molotov, taking his cue from Berlin, or to believe

that ideologies can be crushed by force. The Finnish aggression is to be blamed on Britain, which as a capitalist country desires the destruction of the Soviet system, says the *Boersen Zeitung*, echoing *Pravda*. The acoustical properties of this Finnish war make me suspicious.

Nevertheless, I am far from supporting the view that there is no essential difference between the interior politics of Germany and the Soviet, just as I reject the idea that the two countries have become military allies. There are similarities between the regimes, in substance and in claim. But the German government did not give land to the peasantry in Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, and that the Terijoki junta promises to do. Land *will* doubtless be given to the Finnish peasantry, and aid to the small bourgeoisie. But what happens when the truth is just exhibited to a people in the blinding spotlight of a thermite bomb? They are apt to blink their eyes at the truth, or even to retreat into the cellar of feudal darkness, in which they become bombproof against the impact of ideas in themselves good.

It is not a socialist way of spreading socialism. And, as the Terijoki junta announces, at least for foreign reading, no more than a reformist program, one must point out the disharmony of means and end. It is not a liberal way of spreading liberalism and, I venture to think, it is not a true communist way of spreading communism. It is just plain fascism.

THE CAUSES OF THE CHANGE

There *has* been a change in the Communist technique. For example, throughout the Spanish war the Communist Party of Spain persistently, and with perfect justice, opposed every proposal to bomb the cities of Franco's rearguard. To understand the change one must examine the origin of the Popular Front policy.

The arrival of Hitler in power and the emergence of the new fascist imperialism made it even more important for Moscow, which had been a patient force for peace, to obtain war allies. The Soviet government could not feel secure, for it was obvious that before long the tactic of German imperialism, in particular, would provoke war. That government also feared, with considerable reason, that the policy of the British government was to neutralize two dangers by turning Germany against the Soviet Union. The Kremlin, therefore, proposed to profit by the hostilities between the other powers, and by allying itself with the strategic group whose ideological hostilities toward Moscow were thought to be the weaker (*i.e.*, Britain and France) to maintain peace, or guarantee her own security should war break out.

The obtaining of allies, however, was sure to be difficult if the Communist Parties were allowed to con-

tinue their attitude of intransigence toward every other type of progressive political thought. Thus, the policy of the Comintern was changed; in the search for capitalist allies a concession was made toward those parties which had been described as the servants of capitalism, that is to say, the Socialist, Radical, Liberal and non-Fascist Conservative Parties.

The effort failed. Therefore, since *Realpolitik* was the basis of the Kremlin policy, the attempt was made to placate the other group of capitalist powers, *i.e.*, Germany.

Just as Russia and the Communist Parties moved toward what they had always called "bourgeois" policies and methods in the first period, so now they are being forced more and more into the arms of Germany, with consequent approximation in thought and tactic. Fascist reliance on force and total indifference to world opinion (when that opinion is not an immediate threat) will increasingly become the characteristics of Russian policy.

The above thesis requires great qualification but in essence I believe it to be true. That I am correct is suggested by the behavior of the French Communist Party immediately after the signing of the Franco-Soviet treaty. That party's resistance to certain recruiting practices current in France was immediately dropped. The French army, hitherto a danger, had become an allied force. The politics had to change, and it changed in a direction which after 1935 became universal.

Now, I consider that the Popular Front policy was a perfectly legitimate and sound policy, viewed from whatever angle. It failed, at least in its international aspect of collective security, and it is necessary to determine what were the causes and whose the blame, for its failure. In the first place I do not think that the Comintern can be charged with cynicism, or betrayal of its own essential philosophy, in having changed its strategy and tactics in 1935. All sympathizers with the Soviet Union, from the Left to the Center, have until recently thought that the defense of the Soviet Union was a defense of their own political proposals. The Comintern was entitled to think that a defense of Russia was tantamount to protection for the revolution, both in the Soviet Union and elsewhere. Nor were liberals, who disapproved of many aspects of Russian interior policy, being dishonest in accepting the collective-security or Popular Front policies. The maintenance of peace, or the winning of a war by the democratic powers, should Hitler take up arms, seemed to them important. And the Russian proposals did offer hope of preventing an outbreak of the particular war that loomed on the near horizon, or of winning it. Many of us thought that if Chamberlain, for instance, could be forced to rectify his foreign policy, beneficial changes in his interior policy would follow. We thought, in effect, that the forces for social reform in every country would be strengthened by a policy of re-

sistance to fascism abroad. We never dreamed that the whole policy would be ditched at a moment's notice and a complete face-about accomplished by the very country that had in reality originated that policy.

Communists often wonder why they are now accused of treachery. I will tell them. It was the collective-security and the Popular Front policies that actually created vast bodies of liberalism and anti-fascism. It was the anti-fascist campaign of the Communist Parties and those who were willing to work with them which created the mood which Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier must needs now utilize in their resistance to Germany, whatever may be their real reasons for that opposition. In effect, the Communists pointed at Hitler and said, "There is your enemy, fight him." Now they declare, "This is an imperialist war, turn against your own governments." That is why I, and many others, resent the change and cannot believe in the honesty of it.

I will put a question to Communists.

It is said that the present war is an imperial war undertaken by Britain and France to serve their empire. It is such a war; I do not doubt. But had war broken out over the Czecho-Slovakian crisis, would that not also have been an imperialist war? The British and French governments would have been fighting to preserve their empires. (In fact, Czecho-Slovakia was created for precisely that purpose.) Communists appealed to conservatives in Britain and France, and America, with exactly that argument. They said, "Your policy of yielding to Hitler (*i.e.*, German imperialism) is endangering your national security." English Conservatives were rebuked, again, for their policy toward Spain, because it endangered the British life-line in the Mediterranean. At that time there was no talk of "imperialist war" because the Soviet Union had not then changed sides. Now a surrender is demanded of Britain and France, so that the German and Russian conquests of territory may go unamended. Those conquests have made the Soviet Union much safer from aggression by Germany, or the other capitalist powers. But the forces of progress, whether of reform or of revolution, and the forces for peace have been immeasurably weakened and, to a large extent, discredited, by the reproach of having worked for agreement with a country which has now taken over, bag and baggage, the whole technique and morality of its new friend.

The change was not dictated by revolutionary theory, nor by any creditable theory, but by the exigencies of *Realpolitik*.

THE ERROR IN THE CALCULATION

The Popular Front and collective-security policies failed for the following reasons:

1. The calculation concerning the probability of the democracies of capitalist type uniting with the Soviet Union against fascist capitalism was in error. The contradiction was too great. I do not think any heavy blame can be placed on the Comintern's shoulders for this.

2. The liberal parties, and the parties of the Second International, in critical instances failed to do their duty to their own precepts. In particular the refusal of the British Labor Party to make any working alliance with the Liberals made effective opposition to Mr. Chamberlain impossible.

3. The Communist Parties all too frequently sought to use Popular Front organizations for party aggrandizement. This helped to keep alive fear and distrust of the Soviet Union among people who were not particularly clear in their thinking, and who rejected the Popular Front and collective-security for the insufficient reason that its only object was the defense of the Soviet Union. An example of this was the Spanish Communist Party's ill advised campaign for the fusion of the Spanish Socialist Party with it. Lest I be thought to be unfairly critical of the Spanish Communist Party, let me say that that party throughout the civil war exercised marvelous patience, showed great wisdom, demonstrated its magnificent courage and worked with an exhausting intensity in the service of the Spanish cause. The Communists of the world, in their degrees, did the same. The tragedy in Spain was that the effective fighting forces were more or less limited to the Communist regiments. The theological bitterness of the Communist Party, however, could be seen in its attitude toward the POUM party. That party's policies would have been disastrous had they been put into effect. That indisputable truth was made the basis for the utterly unscrupulous charge that the POUM was in actual contact with Franco, and was working exclusively and consciously in the interests of the fascists. Nevertheless, it is important to remember that the Spanish government was never Communist and that the party was committed to the holding of elections after the war. In those elections the Communist Party could not hope to emerge as a majority force.

THE COMINTERN'S BLUNDER

After Munich it was obvious that the Popular Front and collective-security idea was failing. That it had failed. Had the Comintern changed its line then, it could have pleaded justification. There would have been time for it to have worked out a policy which might have been credible, and creditable, for those who accept the revolutionary philosophy. It might have been able to find some other way of preserving peace. The line was not changed when, on the basis of the usual Marxist assumptions, it should have been changed. Though the French Popular Front had

broken down and its constituent parties were in a state of irreconcilable belligerence, though the British Labor Party was clearly not going to enter a Popular Front, though the Spanish Popular Front government was doomed to defeat by Munich, the Comintern continued to follow that policy. Why? Because the tardy expression of popular opinion in Britain (for which tardiness the Labor Party has the ultimate responsibility) had succeeded in forcing Mr. Chamberlain to make overtures to the Soviet Union. They were probably insincere overtures, forced out of him against the frozen immobility of his prejudices, which were those of his class. For the sake of the possibility of a doubtful alliance the Comintern sacrificed whatever theoretical integrity it possessed.

The British government had concluded a treaty with Poland without the necessary step of coming to an agreement with the Kremlin. That does not suggest that Mr. Chamberlain was very earnest in his approach to the Soviet Union, nor does it permit one to think that the Comintern was very thorough in its analysis or sincere in its resolution to continue with policies made invalid by Munich and its immediate consequences. There was, at the Eighteenth Congress of the Russian Party, a very real difference between the con-

tent of Manuilsky's analyses of the situation (for the Comintern) and Stalin's. The great insight of Stalin in matters of *Realpolitik* had enabled him to grasp some of the significance of Munich. Stalin's mind, however, is of the either-or variety, and when at last he determined to effect a change, he could see no alternative to the old line but to approach Berlin. From the standpoint of *Realpolitik* his policy has been a great success; for progress, and for peace, it has been a disaster.

Here, for the time being, I must finish. I am going to ask The New Republic to allow me to analyze, in detail, the history of the last few months. Liberals and radicals alike must think hard to work out new projects for the defense and improvement of democracy. It is hard to lose the affection and respect of so many friends whose bravery and devotion I admire. Nevertheless, I am getting off the train. It will have to be a flying jump, and no doubt the passengers in the compartments behind will shoot at me as they clatter by. I had thought the train was bound for a fertile place in the sun; but I have found out that it is rushing toward the Arctic north, where it will be buried beneath vast drifts of snow and be forever more silent.

RALPH BATES

Portland Red Squad

IN THE GOVERNMENT CASE for the deportation of the West Coast CIO leader, Harry Bridges, one organization kept popping up. Although it had jurisdiction only in a medium-sized city some seven hundred miles north of San Francisco, it had sent agents all over the Coast collecting that outfit of former perjurers, accomplices of Al Capone, stealers of union funds and bootleggers which tried to place Bridges as a Communist. According to affidavits and testimony presented at the hearing, its members had offered up to \$2,000 and laid the basis for offers of as much as \$10,000 to persuade witnesses to change their minds about Bridges' affiliations. From among its number came "authorities" on the Marxian doctrine and communism. In fact, it seemed to be responsible for the very stupidity of the government case. This organization was, of course, the Red squad of the Portland police department.

This was not the first time that the Portland Red squad had made a surprising appearance in legal proceedings. Three years ago, in the case of the State of California v. Fitzgerald, et al., one Hal A. Marchant testified that he had been sent into California by the Red squad as an employer spy, and that he had been in its employ during the 1935 tanker strike in Portland. At that time Hal Marchant was also prominent in union activity, was in fact on the joint strike commit-

tee. He was considered its most vociferous member. He not only advocated strike violence, but was known to have taken active part in it. This violence to a large extent discredited the strike in the eyes of the general public and turned sympathy away from the labor movement as a whole. It was evidently ordered by the police organization that was paying Marchant.

The Red detail of the Portland police department has had a long, checkered and sometimes fantastic history. Its beginnings are shrouded in mystery, but it seems to have begun work soon after the war, when business men in the Northwest feared a proletarian uprising from the strong IWW there. Walter B. Odale, its founder and most consistent member, a former carpenter and police patrolman, was for a short time during the war employed as a private detective by the Spruce Corporation, and he came back to the city police with a conviction that all labor groups were revolutionary and should be stamped out. He found a confederate in William Browne, who had worked for the Burns Detective Agency, and later Merriel R. Bacon, a former motorcycle salesman and bootlegger. These men formed the nucleus of the organization, but they hired others—not on the police force and therefore able to get into labor unions—to do most of their investigating.

For years their activities were of the quietest. They

kept elaborate files and even had offices away from the police stations so that their investigators and the people to whom they were giving information could come and go without being noticed. They got out bulletins that painted, in lurid strokes, the menace of communism, and confidential reports, sent only to employers, on union activity. How much action, during this period, was taken on their information will probably never be known. Oregon had a criminal-syndicalism law, and few people dared to ask questions. Then came the DeJonge trial, which attracted national attention and ended with the syndicalism statute declared unconstitutional. In the DeJonge case the Red detail had played a behind-the-scenes part, but now it was the only instrument left. It had to come out in the open.

The Portland captain of detectives, J. J. Keegan, who more recently has taken charge of the Red squad's activities, has said, "Sure I believe in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, but if any g—— d—— Communist tries to speak on the streets of Portland I'll knock his block in." Portland is essentially a conservative place, and certainly some of its citizens would agree with this statement, if it were not for the notion which the Red squad holds of what constitutes a Communist. Although on reliable authority the Communist Party has never had more than 424 members in Portland and its environs, many of whom do not pay dues, the police department has a list of over one thousand dues-paying Communists, and another two thousand, many of them in high places, who pay only occasionally. Included are judges, professors, lawyers, deans of law and other graduate schools, most labor leaders and ministers. Even former Congresswoman Nan Wood Honeyman is named a semi-Communist. She openly supported the New Deal; the Communists supported it too; *ergo*, she must be something of the sort.

And there is another list, now of over twelve thousand, who are "dangerous radicals, under the control of the Communist Party." On each has been accumulated a detailed *dossier*. Organizations, from the Wesley Foundation to the Woman's City Club, to the YM and YWCA's, the Baptist Youth Council and the student bodies of various high schools, are accused of being Communist-controlled, because they have gone on record as favoring freedom of speech, or peace, or have opposed compulsory military training in the state universities. But the Red squad is not stingy with its lists. It has others of people in Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane and the major cities of Idaho—all paid for by the generosity of Portland taxpayers. Louis B. Schwollenbach, the senior United States Senator from Washington, is supposed to be on one of them. It would seem that the very absurdity of these inclusions would be enough to discredit the Portland Red squad, but there is apparently no limit to what people will swallow.

Despite the fact that the repeal of the criminal-syndicalism law has deprived it of legal status, this Red detail, since 1934, has assumed other powers. With an American Legion "subversive activities" committee, since repudiated by the Legion itself, it went into most of the cities of Oregon, collected large sums of money from local business men and conducted investigations. The findings were based on local rumors, vituperation, petty jealousies and gossip.

At the same time the Red squad has seen to it, not only in Portland but in other cities as well, that organizations of which it did not approve, committees for Negro rights, for instance, have been denied the use of meeting places. Twice it has tried to influence elections by getting out pamphlets claiming that certain New Deal candidates were, according to its confidential information, Communists, and therefore should not be elected. When one of these candidates demanded to know on what this accusation was based, he was told that the Red squad didn't have any "definite information" about him. And at one time the Red detail invaded the University of Oregon, a hundred and twenty-five miles to the south, and brought pressure to bear on students and professors, made wild accusations and caused innocent individuals a great deal of trouble.

In the past year the Red squad has entered a new field, that of influencing union membership. The Filipino Cannery Union, for instance, had had as its business agent an out-and-out racketeer. After he skipped to Alaska with union funds he was read out of the union for five years. Since then he has tried to regain control—with the help of the Red squad, because he professed to be willing to work with the cannery owners. When a couple of his henchmen shot and wounded a present officer in the union, they were released without bail and never brought to trial. William Browne even went down to the union hall and tried to threaten the union into taking back its former officer. At another time, just before an election in a woodworkers' union, the Red squad arrested, on trumped-up charges, a couple of officers up for reelection. This was an attempt to have other men, more amenable to the employer in question, elected.

But the Red squad admits that it has made little use of the information it has been collecting for twenty years. Like some foreign espionage system, it suggests that it is merely gathering data for a future opportunity. What that opportunity may be is perhaps suggested by the squad's open sponsorship of the semi-fascist Americans, Inc., and its verbal approval of such organizations as the Silver Shirts and the German-American Bund. Since the start of the European war, activity at the squad's offices has been feverish, and evidently it hopes that should America be drawn in, it will get the opportunity for which it has so long been preparing.

ROBERT M. MACGREGOR

Federation for Europe

IN A SOBER and liberal document, the British Labor Party has sketched the kind of peace it hopes to win. Memory recalls with a shock of pain the equally idealistic manifesto from the Socialist Parties that preceded the peace of Versailles. Today, however, the Labor Party is incomparably stronger than it was then, and as yet there is among British Tories no trace of the grasping and vindictive spirit that wrecked the peace of 1918. It is the French Right that has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. English thinking is busied today with ideas more constructive than the drawing of maps, and this time not a solitary voice calls for indemnities. It is the frontiers of freedom that Englishmen wish to extend. This is for them a war to end the Fascist Secession that shattered the unity of Western civilization.

Two salient ideas stand out in this Labor manifesto. It proposes to make an end of imperialism, and to federate Europe. The Labor Party has understood that if the British Empire hopes for moral leadership in this struggle, it must make its contribution. Very briefly but quite plainly it says that Indians must "decide their own future." This may sound vague, but it was written with full knowledge of the demand of the Indian Congress Movement for a constituent assembly, and must be read as an endorsement. As clearly, but with rather more detail, the manifesto proposes to "pool" the dependent Empire. This is not a new departure. The policy of the Party in recent years has always stressed two aims. First, it wishes to hasten the process of educating the colonial peoples for self-government. Second, it is prepared to renounce every economic privilege that the imperial peoples retain. What it has in mind is a further development of the mandate system, and its extension to all colonies not yet ripe for full self-government.

What is novel in this document is its bold adoption of the idea of European Federation. The Labor Party had clung with pathetic loyalty to the League of Nations. It now realizes the inherent weakness of the Genevan model. A collection of states, each retaining its sovereignty undiminished, could not be made into a unity capable of action by the external bond of a lawyer's contract. The federal idea has made astonishing progress in England in the last two years. Mr. Streit's book in part accounts for this, since he won some ardent disciples among Conservatives. To my mind, it was a mistake to think of building a European federation on the American model. The original Thirteen States had a common political heritage, a single language and the experience of a war for existence fought in common; nor were they burdened by long memories of independent nationhood. If ever Europe

federates, it will have to improvise, under the pressure of history, a pattern of its own. But assuredly, it feels this pressure today. The Labor Party's slogan, "federate or perish," reflects a state of mind that is spreading rapidly from the intellectuals to the masses. The Archbishop of York has declared for federation. Lord Halifax has made a cautious but sympathetic approach to it in a notable broadcast. And now the party that has the working class behind it has adopted the idea.

How much does the Labor Party mean? It has in mind some form of international government, however rudimentary, for it insists that the Member States must be prepared to renounce their sovereignty in part. Clearly what is meant is that they must renounce the sovereign right to levy war, and also that they must transfer to the Federation, at least in part, the sovereign control of military power. The Labor Party suggests specifically the creation of a federal air force. Whether it would go further, one cannot yet say. Would it hand over to the Federation the full command of sea power or, in plain words, of the British fleet? There has been some talk of a federal mechanized column. The Party's plan for the dependent colonies means that sovereignty over them would pass to the Federation. Again the Party is ready for wide developments of international planning and coöperation in the economic field. But we are not yet at a stage of precise definition.

Two conceptions of the scope of this Federation are in friendly competition. What Mr. Streit proposed was really a federation of the States of the Atlantic civilization—the U.S.A., Britain, France and the northern neutrals. The Labor Party, on the other hand, calls on Europe to federate, but it includes the dependent colonies of the European powers and, one supposes, the free dominions also. Mr. Streit's school of thought, with its emphasis on democracy, in the traditional Western sense, would exclude not only the Fascist states but the Soviet Union also. I think the dominant English view is that the attempt of the League of Nations to achieve universality was a cause of weakness. The tendency is, therefore, to conceive of Europe as a natural cultural and political unit. But does Europe include Australia? If not, is the British Commonwealth prepared for dissolution? A thorny path of controversy lies in front of this idea. It makes its way, none the less, with vitality and self-confidence. In the last war the idea of the League of Nations was a dangerous thought until President Wilson espoused it. Already in the first months of the present war the federal idea has captured everything that is alive and progressive in English opinion.

London (by air mail)

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Washington Notes

Third-Term Catechism

CONTRARY TO THE SPRIGHTLY, but differing, prophecies of Washington correspondents, the question whether Mr. Roosevelt will run again is not simple. In particular, it is not something that Mr. Roosevelt can decide by whim, like choosing between lamb chops and liver-and-onions for lunch. Indeed, it is truer to say that the decision is out of his hands. If, late next spring, his candidacy seems necessary to save the New Deal, such pressure will be put on him by the White House group, and by his own pride, that he will hardly be able to refuse.

The real question is whether, if Mr. Roosevelt retires, a tested New Dealer can be nominated in his place. If national conventions moved according to the will of the voters, undoubtedly Mr. Roosevelt would overshadow next year's gathering and could designate whomever he pleased as successor. But in fact, the thousand-and-three delegates will be, for the most part, professional politicians, accustomed to pandering to the popular will only to the degree their instinct tells them is obligatory.

Citizens who are sincerely concerned for the New Deal's future, and who are now airily anticipating an easy triumph, need to understand that Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers face two serious practical handicaps. The first is that, according to report, Mr. Roosevelt does not mean to enter the approaching state primaries, at least where his specific consent is required. No doubt he has not yet fully made up his mind about running again; he may even privately have decided against it. In any case, however, it would be bad policy for him to enter the primaries, since the appearance of actively seeking another term might alienate middle-class voters. Accordingly, it is expected that the administration forces will try to obtain uninstructed delegations. As a result, Mr. Roosevelt's popularity among the voters will not have a chance to show itself. Moreover, uninstructed delegations will be immediately under the control of the state bosses, and only secondarily at the disposal of the White House.

The second handicap is that—at least for the purpose of beating the New Deal—the anti-Roosevelt Democrats are united on a single candidate, that “evil old man,” Mr. Garner. Back in the 1932 convention, the stop-Roosevelt movement of that year might, in fact, have stopped Mr. Roosevelt but for the jealousy among Mr. Garner, Mr. Alfred E. Smith and a number of favorite sons. If Mr. Garner had been willing to give his delegates to Mr. Smith, or vice versa, a stampede away from Mr. Roosevelt would have begun, and the New Deal might never have happened.

It is already clear that next spring there will be no such disunity among the Democratic conservatives. All the anti-Roosevelt hopefuls, Senators Wheeler of Montana, Clark of Missouri, Tydings of Maryland, are reported to feel that whatever chance they have for the nomination lies in first supporting Mr. Garner, in the expectation of later inheriting his delegates. On the first three or four ballots,

it is extremely likely that Mr. Garner's managers will be able to muster the full conservative strength of the convention.

The answer to the question whether Mr. Roosevelt will run again depends not on his interpolated remarks at corner-stone layings, but on the New Deal's prospects of holding the Democratic Party. If, on the eve of next spring's convention, the White House strategists decide that Mr. Garner is likely to obtain two hundred votes or more on the first ballot, it is my guess that they will ask Mr. Roosevelt to let his name go before the convention, and that he will consent. A few days ago Mr. Germany, the Garner manager, claimed that he had already obtained pledges of three hundred convention votes. Probably this claim is so much hopeful wind, but it is by no means impossible that Mr. Garner may have two or three hundred delegates when the convention meets.

It is supposed to be a political axiom that an incumbent President can, through federal patronage, always obtain renomination. That is true when a party is united; it is probably so in the case of the New Deal. The relations between the White House and the state Democratic organizations vary from devoted loyalty to undying enmity. The state of Washington will send a delegation to the convention that will be pro-Roosevelt by conviction. Illinois will probably be pro-Roosevelt because of an alliance between officials of Mr. Hopkins' Department of Commerce and Mayor Ed Kelly's faction of the state organization. The Michigan delegation will be composed either of shouting New Dealers or of bitter-end reactionaries, depending on whether or not Mr. Frank Murphy's friends select it. The Virginia delegation will be solidly anti-Roosevelt. The loyalty of many state bosses is primarily to Postmaster General Farley; as nearly as I can find out, he is prepared to support Mr. Roosevelt again, but he shows extremely little enthusiasm. Probably the New Dealers can beat Mr. Garner, although perhaps not without Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate, but it would be foolhardy to think it could be done without the most skillful, persistent efforts during the next six months.

Security Administrator McNutt is the Democratic Party's new What-is-it. His delegate-hunting organization is now in full career. He is campaigning as a New Dealer, but it now turns out that one of his inner-circle advisers is Mr. Oscar R. Ewing, graduate of Indiana University in 1910, three years ahead of Mr. McNutt. After a term as associate general counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Mr. Ewing became a partner of the great law firm of Hughes, Schurman and Dwight, of which the present Chief Justice was the head, and which had, during the 1920's, one of the largest corporate practices in the country. Since Mr. Hughes returned to the Supreme Court and the firm was dissolved, Mr. Ewing has been the partner of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes Jr.

Mr. McNutt appears to be playing a bold, but probably foolish, game. He seems to be deliberately trying to build himself up as a compromise candidate, which seems a good deal like jumping up and down to avoid moving. He runs the risk that, by next spring, neither the Roosevelt nor Garner factions will have confidence in him. Recently Mr.

Roosevelt has paid Mr. McNutt many marks of favor; he has also had private meetings with the chief New Dealers. Moreover, at the next session Mr. McNutt will have a conspicuous part in the health-insurance program, and in whatever measures the administration puts forward to liberalize old-age-pension payments. But as yet the White House circle appears to be unconvinced. Mr. McNutt's repeated emphasis on his achievement in balancing the Indiana budget, for one thing, rasps their nerves.

T. R. B.

Washington

Other People's Money

Derailing the Railroad Bill

ONE OF THE DISGRACES in our present business situation is the railroad problem. Here it is ten years after the collapse and six and a half years after the present administration assumed office, and absolutely nothing has been done about this, one of the most serious snarls in our whole business world. What is more, with the advent of the war in Europe our minds have been led off on another detour—national defense. And now we shall think of nothing else. During the last war Senator George Norris, trying to compel the Senate to think about the serious problem of power, exclaimed one day in the midst of a speech: "I am talking to empty benches. People are not interested in our own problems any more. They are interested only in preparedness." This is the mood now, and it will fall in beautifully with the operations of a committee of the House which, apparently, is interested only in stalling on the one railroad bill that seeks to deal realistically with the railroad problem.

The failure of private investment which frets the souls of our business men so deeply is due, not to general government policies, but chiefly to conditions in the areas of business where investments are made. One of the most important is the railroads. They are in such a mess that no sane man would invest a dollar in them. If that mess were cleaned up it would invite at least a billion a year in investment for a number of years. The responsibility for this must rest on the shoulders of a group of corporation lawyers, the bankers who have exploited the railroads and wish to continue to do it, the management groups which want to preserve the present stock set-ups that keep them in power and the insurance-company presidents who play with the bankers. They have fought and will continue to fight every attempt to bring order out of the railroad chaos which they themselves have created and out of which they have profited.

As for the government, it must take its share of the blame for its indifference, its inactivity. When it came into power the first thing it sponsored was Section 77, providing for railroad reorganizations. That was cooked up by corporation lawyers representing railroad interests and, in the general reform mood of the moment, palmed off on the country like so many other New Deal measures, as a solution of the railroad problem in the interest of the people.

Since then nothing has been done save to revive over and over again the crazy scheme of lending more money to roads already wrecked by borrowing too much. This, of course, is the easy way. It is easier than facing the hard facts.

The only thing that has been done was the investigation by a Senate committee which enjoyed not too much official approval and has now sponsored a bill to deal intelligently with railroad reorganizations. The curse of railroad reorganization has been the manner in which bankers and stockholder groups and managers have gotten control of the reorganizations. The bill in question proposes to set up a special court that will be equipped to deal with the special problems of railroad reorganization instead of committing this job to federal judges who are utterly unfitted for it and seem to be putty in the hands of the big Wall Street lawyers who monopolize railroad receiverships and bankruptcies.

That bill passed the Senate last spring. But the House manages to hold up any action on this or any other bill. This bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee, which turned it over to a subcommittee, and there it lies jammed. The bill was referred in the first place to the Interstate Commerce Committee of the House. But the Judiciary Committee objected and succeeded in getting the subject of reorganization committed to it. The Interstate Commerce Committee finished hearings on its bills and has filed reports, but the Judiciary Committee hasn't even gotten around to considering the reorganization bill yet. The subcommittee has not even printed its hearings yet, although they have been ended for four months.

Who is fighting this bill? Those interested in preserving worthless common stocks which have long ceased to have any value. And the insurance presidents, who can usually be depended upon to play the game of the investment bankers.

The truth is that somehow the railroad problem must be brought into the hands of some authority that will consider it with reference to the railroads and not with reference to the interests of lawyers, bankers, promoters, managers and exploiters generally. This railroad problem is not just a railroad problem. The railroads belong to that group of enterprises which account for a large part of the private long-term investment which draws savings back into the stream of spending in the economic system. The health of the whole economic system is indissolubly tied up in the problem.

This subject should have been taken in hand in 1933 when the opportunity was open, when the nation was in a mood for reform and the power of the administration was great. Instead, at that opportune moment its power was used to put through an amendment to the bankruptcy law which an insurance-company general counsel has described as made to order for holding-company control of railroads. Now we face an election year when Congress is in a hurry and no one wants to tackle troublesome subjects, when the mood for reform has passed and when the country is being led by the government into a fog about national defense to keep its mind off the domestic problems that clamor for attention. But at the moment the agency that is blocking action is the subcommittee of the Judiciary Committee of the House.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Full of the Moon

Key Largo, by Maxwell Anderson. Ethel Barrymore Theatre, November 27, 1939.

The World We Make, by Sidney Kingsley. Guild Theatre, November 20, 1939.

Very Warm for May, by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein Jr. Alvin Theatre, November 17, 1939.

IN THE RECORDS one way or another we read that Lord Bacon went into a syncope at the full of the moon. This, it seems to me, describes Mr. Maxwell Anderson's state in "*Key Largo*," the newest offering, and the season's first, from the Playwrights' Company. When the passionate implications of the scene are coming to a head, the tide of impulse and the shock of crisis rising to their due completion, when, in sum, the moon of life is toward the full, the dramatist fades into a trance—a mare's nest often if the truth were told—of metricalism. Metricalism is a new word no doubt, but we need not wait for Paris dealers for every ism we acquire. In the case of Mr. Anderson's writing it has a very genuine meaning.

There is no exact way to describe this baffling exercise of Mr. Anderson's muse. We hear some emotion on its way to expression; we are convinced that something is about to be born in a poetic body. Certainly the undercurrent of feeling and intention has a very genuine, and suggests a very high, seriousness. Now and then the result is excellent. Very often its special failure eludes analysis. We have only the sense of some fixed resolve to be metrical—metre, in sum, becomes an ism, the main intention being set upon it. To this is added a determination to be figurative; a poetical figure, creative or flat, will finish the line or burst, and we are left with a feeling of restiveness in ourselves and evaporation on the stage.

In a curious way we follow the play nevertheless, for a while quite hopefully. We are engaged by what is behind it, the theme itself is such as to hold us. Something human is present there, and something stubbornly felt by the dramatist. The story of the play concerns an American volunteer in Spain who left his companions on a Spanish hill, to die there, though it was clear that the cause was already lost. Back in America, his soul tormented by what he has done, though his conscious mind in every way justifies it, he sets out to visit the family of each of the men he deserted. He comes, directly after the prologue, to the last of these families, a sister and blind father and their house on the wharf at Key Largo, Florida.

The opening scene, on the Spanish hill, is made up of characters and theses, death staring all in the face; the content of the whole turns on Faith and Works. That is a difficult discussion in our messy present-day world. As Mr. Anderson has written the scene there are certain sparkles that glorify the moment; but the final impression is vague and lustrous only. Yet we listen to it and find our souls invited. Onward and upward! And—?

The course of the play proper runs from some cheap gangsters, their oppression of the owners of the house, their murdering, sinking of the body, and persecution of the two Indians, to a complex love situation between the dead man's sister and the returned soldier, his sacrifice of himself finally to save the Indians, etc. The course of the play

runs, also, and gradually downward, then scarcely runs at all but rather spreads, tangles and philosophizes. Some of the audience listen all through, some stick for a while, some stop sooner, some are soundly annoyed. The words go steadily on, falling on our ears, reminiscent, provocative, beautiful, trite, obvious, traditional, but going on and on, baffling at length those who revere the thought they feel sure is there, if they can only grasp it, and disappointing those who want more thought if there must be so much thinking aloud, so much musing and reverberation.

The announcement that Mr. Paul Muni was waiting for the play that would compel his return to the stage, after fat years in Hollywood, doubtless gives an added interest to the role and to his performance. We have here one of the great questions in the art of acting. In one sense the actor's performance has ultimately to be seen in the light of the lines themselves. His critical judgment cannot be divorced from his total performance, nor his final ability from his critical judgment. There is not space to discuss the point, except to say that the medium of acting contains within itself the possibility of expressing the actor's comment, whatever it may be, on the role as written; and that very often I could not tell what Mr. Muni thought of the divers passages of his role, as he came to enact them. It seemed to me a sincere, steady performance, refined and pure in feeling. It seemed also the kind of playing that many critical observers in the audience are apt to think much more highly of at the moment, and especially just after, than they will think later on.

Miss Uta Hagen as the girl, desolate, loved, loving, baffled, what not, played well, considering the hurtling semi-created emotional motivations of the part.

Mr. Sidney Kingsley's new play, "*The World We Make*," tells the story of a young girl's escape from an unhappy home and a sanitarium into a life among simpler, normal people. There are many agreeable moments, with good playing—for example Margot, Mr. Rudolph Foster, Mr. Tito Vuolo—but taken seriously, the play struggles with too many planes to be successful. There is no way to give yourself to it. By turns it is Cinderella fairy tale, it leans on psychiatry, it implies reality, exact detail, and pours fantasy through it. Only some compelling genius, fusing all in a strong poetic medium perhaps, could force us to any complete acceptance of such a mingling. That is asking a great deal, but the demand is implicit in the material undertaken.

In the same way "*Very Warm for May*," the new musical comedy by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein Jr., tries too many planes, a little of everything, shot through with—for the theatre—up-to-date interests. The story, even for musical comedy, gets lost. Along with this scattering there is often wit, and Miss Eve Arden, as the patroness of the barn theatre, is entertaining, and Mr. Hiram Sherman is one of the very wittiest newcomers in recent comedy. The star of the evening is its designer, Mr. Vincente Minelli. His second-act settings especially are inventive and chic, often very beautiful, and at moments quite dazzling. He has not the chance to spread as he did in the Ed Wynn show two seasons ago; but the talent is one of the brilliant chances, rich, exciting, in our theatre.

STARK YOUNG

Panorama of Picasso

THE PICASSO EXHIBITION at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City puts a human being before us. It is a comprehensive retrospective showing of forty years' work by the most widely discussed painter living today. It shows us Picasso the man: his essays as well as his achievements. We see the self-questioner as well as the self-confident virtuoso, the intellectual always conscious of the importance of intuition and always sending his intuitions before him to nose out new trails—in short, "the seeker."

In spite of his paradoxical denial of it: "I do not seek; I find," it is as the seeker that Picasso embodies the spiritual character of his period. For during the last forty years we have seen the gradual liquidation of nineteenth-century complacency, of the notion of human progress and of the social and economic system which succeeded that of the Middle Ages in Europe. Out of this change has grown the need for a new set of standards, a new system of ordinance, new means to integration, new patterns. Yet for all this, Picasso still remains in the eyes of the public either a charlatan, insolent in his disrespect for the intelligence of the public to which he offers his paintings, or else a genius whose work one should not have the presumption to ask to understand. Both attitudes are upheld with equal fanaticism.

Perhaps the fact that the current exhibition is the first comprehensive American showing of the artist's work has something to do with these views. Previous exhibitions in this country have been either relatively narrow cross-sections of Picasso's production, or else limited selections on a quality basis according to the judgment of museum or gallery directors. The narrow scope of both these approaches and their arbitrary emphases may have tended to give a strange character to the examples included. It is true that an artist should be judged only by his highest achievements, and also true that an exhibition such as the current one at the Museum of Modern Art is not so complimentary to Picasso as a more scrupulous elimination of sketches and experimental canvases might have made it. But by its very inclusiveness and catholicity of interest in Picasso's experiments, it gives us aspects of his artistic personality that should bring him closer to us than a more dogmatic selection of his work could ever succeed in doing.

However, in those cases where more personal phases of Picasso's work offer difficulties of approach, the roots of the matter undoubtedly go much below the misleading effects of a few arbitrarily chosen exhibits. The reverential attitude to anything that comes from his brush is a mere sentimentalism. Familiarity will undoubtedly reduce it to respect for his work, if there is any sound base of appreciation underlying it. But the more deep-seated difficulties are those out of which grows the charge of charlatanism. They make it difficult for many people even to believe in Picasso's artistic seriousness or sincerity.

The first of these difficulties is probably the old European problem of realism. The second is what appears on superficial consideration to be Picasso's unstable eclecticism or, even worse, his persistent buffoonery. Perhaps the best path toward resolving these doubts is indicated by Picasso himself. It lies in his enthusiasm for Ingres, so clearly evident in his work between 1915 and 1925.

Ingres, from the standpoint of form at any rate, may fairly be regarded as the harbinger of the new approach to painting that we commonly associate with the modern school. It is true that Delacroix among the French has been accorded that role more commonly in recent years, thanks to the Impressionists and their interest in color researches. But the revolutionary character of Ingres' formal conceptions and of his approach has always been given its full due by his fellow painters, from Renoir, Cézanne and Seurat down to Picasso, Braque and their associates in our own day.

For it was Ingres who led the revolt against the frigid academicism of his master Louis David, without any backglance to what both he and his master regarded as the decadent tradition of the late eighteenth century. Like Delacroix, Ingres turned from the schools to nature. But unlike Delacroix, not to nature with the intention of attempting to reproduce its effects of color and light after the lead of Constable and the English. He turned rather to nature as a storehouse of source materials out of which to create new forms. Consequently, while Delacroix's example was to open the way eventually to Impressionism, Ingres was to show the way to post-Impressionism, Cubism and their outgrowths.

It was Ingres' interest in form that kept him faithful all his life to the classics, especially Raphael and the Greeks. Yet in his relentless pursuit of style through all his eighty-odd years there was never any question of interest on his part in a cold application of the academic prescriptions. Form to him was the reorganization of experience and expression; it was his subjective responses to the model.

This was the role that form was later to play among the post-Impressionists in their reaction from the looseness of the transcriptions from nature of Monet and his followers. Ingres foresaw the dangers of trying to transcribe nature literally without giving one's picture an organizing pattern. He realized that the organizing of a pattern could come only from looking at nature "with a painter's eye," that is to say through an adaptation of certain conventions established by the masters. As Picasso has put it, "art has always been art and not nature. And from this point of view there are no concrete abstract forms, but only forms which are more or less convincing lies."

Ingres felt that to follow the formal idiom of his predecessors, or even of the classics, would have resulted merely in a feeble mimicry, and would not have given him forms that were "convincing lies." On the other hand, he felt that a complete disregard for the organizational discoveries of his predecessors would be a futile self-imposed handicap, and that such a disregard in his work would make a form that was a convincing lie impossible for him to achieve. As a result when he was once asked in the latter years of his life what models he had used for the horses of Napoleon's chariot in his famous "Apotheosis," we have his reply, "Phidias and the bus horses." It is unquestionably this same need for an integrating pattern that today calls Picasso back to the earlier masters and even to work by artists of other cultures than our own.

As an artist he realizes that a painter must see with a painter's eye to achieve this organization among forms derived from natural source materials. But like Ingres he is also assailed by the dread of not being able to produce a

form that is a "convincing lie" if it is too patently reminiscent of a formal lie that has already been told. Therefore to keep free from the weight of a heritage of traditions that might pull him down, and at the same time to employ the organizational discoveries of his predecessors, we see him not only marrying Phidias to the bus horses, but even the idioms of classical Rome and the Belgian Congo to the light of Southern France and the colors of Catalonia.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

The Bandwagon

Red Army hurls back invading Finnish troops, crosses frontier. — *Headline in The Daily Worker, December 1, the day after Russian airplanes bombed various parts of Finland.*

Since war began [newspapermen in Berlin] have been allowed far more latitude than correspondents in London or Paris, have sent their dispatches uncensored on condition that they report nothing unfavorable to Germany. — *From an article in Time.*

The [St. Louis] City Art Commission . . . voted today to substitute "Meeting of the Rivers" for "Wedding of the Rivers" as the title for Carl Milles' controversial statuary group now swathed in jute and awaiting unveiling on Aloe Plaza.

The nineteen nude figures of the fountain group depict the union of the two rivers, and the theme is carried out in a wedding procession of water spirits bearing gifts. Some persons objected that a nude "wedding," even of statues, was not proper. — *A. P. dispatch in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Department of Faith and Works

A new fast-moving mystery story of kidnaping by atheists using airplane and hideout in crater of extinct volcano. Mistaken identity, romance and miraculous rescue in answer to prayer. . . . Written by the Chief of Police of Highland Park, Michigan, whose intimacy with crime for twenty years qualifies him to write this Christian novel. He shows clearly the folly of sin and crime and unbelief, and the victory of faith in God. — *An ad in the October, 1939, number of The Moody Monthly.*

God Rest You, Merry Dental Men

Under the heading, "Brazen provocation of Finland's military cliques aroused great indignation among the workers of our country," a speech by the Stakhanoffist Nefedoff at the Kiroff dynamo plant in Moscow is quoted as follows:

"We will punch them so hard in the teeth that not one gentleman ruling Finland will be able to gather them together again. Long live the peace policy of the Soviet government!" — *From G. E. R. Gedye's dispatch to The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Mr. Sheean and His Critics

SIR: The letters I have received, aside from those sent The New Republic, from persons who read my two articles called "Brumaire" (The New Republic, November 8 and 15) merit, collectively, some kind of response. I am unable to answer so many critics individually. If you will grant me the space to do so, I should like to answer them all together, without going over the ground covered in the articles themselves.

1. My correspondents seem to assume that I have been in the past very close to the Communist Party. This is a false assumption based upon the fact that I agreed with the foreign policy supported by the Communists and wrote and spoke in that sense (Collective Security, Popular Front, Fight against Fascism, etc.).

2. My correspondents also assume that some vast price has been paid by somebody for my criticism of the Soviet Union in its Fascist evolution. This is not the case. My income has never depended upon my opinions about the Soviet Union. The only payment I have received for stating my opinions on November 8 and 15 was the payment from The New Republic, which was not of dimensions to justify the "every-man-has-his-price" accusation.

3. There was no "sharp change" between my broadcast on September 4, on the Soviet-Nazi pact of non-aggression, and my articles in The New Republic on November 8 and 15. The "sharp change" had taken place in Moscow, with the Friendship Pact of September 29 between Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany, followed by press campaigns and foreign political moves establishing the new orientation of Soviet foreign policy beyond dispute. To ignore the events between September 4 and November 8 would be impossible for any observer, least of all one sensitized to this development by some years of apprehension.

4. To those few correspondents who have understood how difficult it was for me to surrender an obstinate hope and enumerate some very repellant facts I owe sincere gratitude.

Bronxville, N. Y.

VINCENT SHEEAN

The Labor Party Purge

SIR: "Crypto-Stalinism" has always seemed to me a 50-cent word of doubtful application to The New Republic, at least until I read your editorial "The Labor Party Purge," in your issue of November 1. Now I'm not so sure.

I take vigorous exception to the editorial on the following grounds:

1. You assume that the rule of a criminal court that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty can be applied by a political party in judging the qualification of its candidates. This is absurd. The case against Mr. Quill is not merely that in public he has always followed the Communist line on international affairs; it is not even that he never answered my inquiry, or made a direct reply to the ALP itself. It is that there exists a wide body of informed belief in labor circles that he was a member of the Communist Party and that he is still at least a fellow traveler. The Communist practice of instructing all its members to deny membership unless such denial is impossible, is not only an indictment of the Party, but an added reason for especial care on the part of the ALP and similar organizations.

2. You assume what many of us deny—and we would be willing to argue our denial at length; namely, that the Communist Party line was drawn "to advance the American labor

movement." It was drawn to advance the interests of communism as the Communist leaders—and in the end that means Stalin—understood those interests.

3. I never suggested, as you imply, that the basis for the ALP or any other movement of the sort must be "hostility to a European dictator." I did say that it must be freedom from control by a European dictator and that's a different and far more serious matter. I may, however, add that I find it hard to see how any intelligent man can sincerely advocate democracy in America and still argue that communism in or out of Russia supports democracy. To say that isn't bickering about Russia. It is dealing with fundamentals of politics.

Hence I repeat that the ALP action, while clumsy and belated in conception and execution, was essential to its very life as a democratic, self-governed American party.

NORMAN THOMAS

New York City

[To answer Mr. Thomas' points seriatim:

1. We were not applying criminal procedure to the case of Mr. Quill, but pointing out that it is bad policy for a labor party to oust a popular and successful candidate who is head of an important international union, on the ground of being a Communist, when it has no proof that he is and when he emphatically and repeatedly denies it. To conduct a purge on the basis of mere "informed belief" and in spite of the testimony of the accused is bad for labor and for democratic morale.

2. The point is not whether the Communist leaders were sincere in their popular-front line—we agree that it was drawn to advance the interests of communism. The point is that since it was ostensibly in the interest of the American labor movement, non-Communists could and did agree with it. The fact that Mr. Quill was one of the many who did so does not prove he is not a good trade-unionist or Labor Party man.

3. Mr. Thomas may believe that Stalin was controlling the American Labor Party through Mr. Quill, but to us it makes more sense to say that those who ousted Mr. Quill were motivated more by hostility to Stalin than by an intelligent strategy in strengthening labor democracy in New York City. — THE EDITORS]

Saroyan Won't Talk

SIR: Everybody wants to know how Joe (in "The Time of Your Life") makes his money. I have given my word to a man who looks like a priest that I shall die with the secret unrevealed. One friend suggested that Joe used to run a string of whorehouses. Another believed he was a former gangster. An insurance man told me he was sure Joe used to be in the insurance game. An opera singer said Joe was a singer.

It's important, I admit, but how does *anybody* make his money? Your Mr. Stark Young ought to appreciate my not telling everything about a man who might be anybody. As they say in the movies, I think it's better this way.

WILLIAM SAROYAN

New York City

Inside Nazi Germany

SIR: May I draw the attention of readers of The New Republic to a new publication: Inside Nazi Germany, published in England by the Friends of the German People's Front and the Committee of the German Opposition, sponsored by Heinrich Mann, Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein and Lion Feuchtwanger? Apart from articles and short stories concerning Nazi Germany it will feature regular reports on conditions within many cities and towns of the Reich, as well as reports from the "Freedom" radio station. Its political aims are "the establish-

ment [in Germany] of a people's government" which "will suggest an immediate armistice and peace, on the basis of no annexation, no reparations, no new Versailles; recognition of the full national independence and self-determination of all peoples, especially Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland." It is opposed to any propaganda that might lead the German people to suppose that "a new or worse Versailles" might await their efforts to help overthrow the Hitler regime.

Inside Nazi Germany is published monthly at threepence per copy; annual subscription, three shillings and sixpence. Write: 139c, Finchley Road, London, N. W. 3.

NIGEL DENNIS

New York City

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Marcus A. Hyman (a New York City dealer in "suva cloth, reptiles, shoe specialties, Jap Toyo cloth") sends his opinion that Fred Rodell's reply to Henry Hazlitt's letter [The New Republic, November 22] concerning E. D. Kennedy's book about finance was "a complete dodge." He says that the proper reviewer for such a book is a statistical economist or at least someone competent in the field. "There must be half a dozen good ones at Columbia, and Kuznetz of the University of Pennsylvania comes to mind." . . . And John Jamieson, of New York City, comes at the same point from a different angle: "Without knowing anything about the other questions at issue, I found no discourtesy ('belligerence' is Mr. Rodell's word) in Mr. Hazlitt's letter, and a great deal in Mr. Rodell's." This correspondent feels that while Mr. Hazlitt defended his position by citing statistics, Mr. Rodell was evasive in answering that the statistics were interesting, answerable and irrelevant—but leaving the reader to dig out the answer for himself.

Patricia W. Hopkins writes a letter and a postscript from Chicago. The letter is a good statement for Communists as men who at least get out and try to do something for the world. The postscript is fairly libelous and wonders if anybody has any ideas about how Mr. Dies's investigation gets pretty rough on some of the organizations that have preached an embargo which might hurt the oil industry, or advocated a minimum wage for workers in it. She says a speaker in Chicago made very definite charges of a Dies oil tie-up, and is still not in jail for slander.

Third-Class Mailbox. — Robert R. Davidson, of Amesbury, Massachusetts, has found a little item on Anglo-American understanding in an editorial printed by an English magazine called Truth. It might be in the slow-freight letterbox or it might be in the Heritage-of-English-Prose Department, or it might be called "Deliver Us from Our Blood Relatives," but in any event we say it is very superior spinach and worth reprinting as such: alternately swinging our fists and (fiercely) crying on shoulders:

Mr. Trevor Wignall, the well known journalist, has just returned from the United States. He had an unhappy time until August 24. He heard Mr. Chamberlain's appearance on the screen hissed; a reel showing British warships laughed at; Hitler was cheered and . . . Hollywood harlots felt justified in pitying an English journalist. After August 24, a miraculous change took place: "Victor McLaglen telephoned me nearly every hour. Don Ameche swung his fist when I mentioned the name of Hitler. Shirley Temple cried on my wife's shoulders." Americans are wonderfully pugnacious if somebody else is going to do the fighting. Their strong suit is in being neutral and raking in the cash. They fiercely swing their fists and cry on shoulders when they think that their loot is in jeopardy.

Books in Review

The Fate of H. G. Wells

AMONG THE DISTINCTIONS of Mr. H. G. Wells, and they are various, is one that has gone unnoticed. He is the only man of letters who seems determined to compete, with books, against the commentators of the radio and the daily press. During the past eighteen months of mounting tension he had published two novels, many incidental pieces, and now comes this volume¹ which he obviously looks upon as a kind of last will and testament.

Despite the hallmarks of haste, and a curiously strident tone that is not unlike the shrillness of the author's own voice, "The Fate of Man" is one of Mr. Wells's most important books. It was written, apparently just before the outbreak of war, under the electric urgency of threatening disaster, stripped of all such "prophetic" nonsense as the author foisted upon us in his last novel, "The Dictator." Here Mr. Wells tells us what he really believes. "The Fate of Man," then, is his personal credo: written, as it were, under fire.

One senses, throughout the book, a mood, even a rhythm, of defeatism. The author himself is aware of it. "Children still laugh," he tells us. "Laughter is born again in each generation. What is past is over and done with for those who did not share in it. Life begins again incessantly. The sequence of birth and death is a continuing amnesty, but for my generation there have been things so unforgettable and disappointments so bitter that for us laughter has become almost a brutality. The dead past is dead—but not for us."

This brief lament is one of the few nostalgic passages in all Mr. Wells's writing: and understandably. His generation, the generation of our grandfathers, born into that Victorian world when Darwin plus technology plus open frontiers meant everlasting progress—what use or need had that generation for elegies, or farewells, or laments? And yet one wonders if the aging survivors of that golden time, looking upon the shattered litter of all its promises, might not truly regard themselves as lost; far more justly, perhaps, than the Dada bohemians of the Left Bank who were lost until it was no more fun, or too expensive, and then came home.

"The Fate of Man," however, is no remembrance of things past. When Mr. Wells does look backwards, as he does in his foreword, most of the things he recalls displease him intensely. Describing his intellectual awakening, he writes: "I have heard other people who have had similar experiences tell of the thirst for knowledge they experienced. I suppose I had that thirst in good measure, but far stronger was my anger at the paltry sham of an education that had been fobbed off upon me; angry resentment also at the dismal negligence of the social organization that had allowed me to be thrust into the hopeless drudgery of a shop, ignorant, misinformed, undernourished and physically

underdeveloped, without warning or guidance, at the age of thirteen. . . . I set about struggling, for knowledge. I was bitterly determined to see my world clearer and truer, before it was too late."

Anger, and the search for knowledge: these are the lights Mr. Wells has sailed by. Because of both, his anger and his searching, he commands our respect. But for what has he been searching? At whom, or what, is he angry? In this book both questions are finally answered.

Mr. Wells, whose earlier audaciousness as a navigator is apt to be forgotten, has traveled widely—in books, in fancy, and to far places of the earth. "I have attempted to collect and summarize existing knowledge so that it could be made available in human living, and to induce other and abler people to take up the same work. I have worked also to bring together incompatible systems of thinking about reality, systems which ignore each other stupidly and wastefully, and are manifestly answerable for much confusion in human thought." But why? The author gives the answer by posing another query. "What is the real position of *homo sapiens* in relation to his environment?" All of Mr. Wells's searching, then, has been an effort to answer that question. "The Fate of Man," in effect, is a coming into port: not *the* port, for that happy anchorage has not been discovered, but the harbor of Mr. Wells's conclusions.

We reach that harbor by a roundabout way: a kind of tour of contemporary "world systems" with Mr. Wells as our guide. He is not an altogether satisfactory person to travel with, especially if you have your own Baedeker, or have visited certain places before, or speak the language of the natives. Mr. Wells, in short, knows what he *knows*: even though he apologizes for his occasional truculence by explaining that "there is a kind of egotistical intolerance in every definitely elderly mind." Anyway, with Mr. Wells commenting volubly, we visit the realms of Catholicism, British Imperialism, Nazism, Communism, Shintoism, New Dealism, Zionism: plus a few quick side trips to places not ism-ly bounded.

But Mr. Wells is not a happy traveler. The captain hates the sea: and as for dropping anchor in any of these ports—the very notion is unthinkable! So on we voyage, dark clouds now massing on the horizon, thunder rumbling and forks of lightning ripping the sky, until, at last, with the storm breaking over our heads, we come to our destination—the port of "World Brain."

It is more than a matter, however, of simply stepping ashore. The port of World Brain—and now we begin to wonder if we have not been traveling on a new kind of Time Machine—does not really exist. What we thought was a haven is simply a backdrop painted with the colors of Mr. Wells's imagination: another design for the future. And we, the passengers, are urged to build that future—quickly, at once, before we all go slithering down the drain.

An angry murmur rises on shipboard. A few of the passengers want their money back. One of them, easily recognizable as a "hard-headed business man," demands an

¹ The Fate of Man, by H. G. Wells. New York: Alliance Book Corporation. 266 pages. \$2.50.

explanation. What the hell is this World Brain? he asks. It sounds like something out of Buck Rogers.

"The achievement of the French Encyclopedists has always appealed very strongly to my imagination," Mr. Wells replies. "Diderot and his associates had scented the onset of change; they had set themselves, in the measure of their times, to prepare and equip the ideology of the new world they anticipated. They gave a definite form and direction to the confused and powerful liberal impulses of their time."

"It became very clear to me," Mr. Wells continues, "that what was needed in the face of the oncoming challenges of our time was essentially a new Encyclopedism commensurate with the relative vastness of our new occasions. What I call the permanent World Encyclopedia, or World Brain, is projected as a permanent institution, a mighty super-university, holding together, utilizing and dominating all the teaching and research organizations now in existence. It is only in such an organization, continually extended and renewed and made easily accessible to everyone, that there is the slightest hope of our species meeting the serried challenges of destiny that advance upon it. Adapt or perish, that is and always has been the implacable law of life for all its children."

The hard-headed business man looks fit to be tied. "Stuff and nonsense!" he snorts. "Academic Utopianism!" Then an educator addresses Mr. Wells. He begins by saying it takes a long time for knowledge to seep from top to bottom: so long, in fact, that there are yet people in the world who dispute the roundness of the earth. How long will it take people—common, ordinary, everyday people—to govern their lives, and influence their society, by the knowledge contained in the World Brain? Or is this powerful organ to be used only by the high and mighty of the earth? Will President Roosevelt, for instance, look under "U" to find a cure for unemployment? Will the Scandinavian countries search through "A" for a way to resist aggression? Will...

The educator is interrupted by a man who places his faith in World Federation. He has read Mr. Clarence Streit's "Union Now" and is greatly impressed by it. Perhaps, after the war—

"I do not believe a world order can come into existence without a preliminary mental cosmopolis," Mr. Wells cuts him short. And then, impatient and angry, he washes his hands of the whole business. He rails against man's "essential ignorance." If *homo sapiens* is such a fool that he cannot realize the situation and take urgent measures to save himself, through the medium of the World Brain, then, if he *won't* survive, perish he must. And, mark me, he will. Only the World Brain can save him. So saying, his voice taut with anger, Mr. Wells leaves the ship.

It is only now that we too begin to feel resentful. Is not Mr. Wells insisting too much, and too petulantly, that this is the only way to salvation? We are not barbarians: we respect learning and culture: we believe in the necessity for a more widely spread education. But is it possible to coördinate all existing knowledge into a workable synthesis—to create a new, modern, "scientific" Bible full of miracles and revelations? And will not this World Brain run the risk of becoming something like Mr. Wells's "Outline of History"? We are full of doubts.

"Doubt, then," says Mr. Wells over his shoulder. "Doubt and be damned."

We are sorry to part company. Mr. Wells, in times past, has taken us on happier voyages than this. He has our respect and admiration: but we feel, at this moment when the rivers of the world are all in flood, that his World Brain is no dike. The flood, as Mr. Wells insists, may overwhelm us: but, in the face of that danger, we might have preferred a braver statement than this. And one feels, finally, that the source of Mr. Wells's despair is his inability to believe in people. His pronunciation of *homo sapiens* has come more and more to emphasize the sap.

Saps they may be: saps dead in Poland, saps dead in Spain, saps ready to die on the western front. But, saps or no, people are the blood and sinew of this world. A belief in any future implies a belief in them. This belief Mr. Wells does not have. Man is a fool, doomed and damned—unless, before the water rises, he builds a life-raft out of the World Brain. This is all that Mr. Wells has to say to us: the end of his search for knowledge, the result of all his thinking. Sincerely anxious to help mankind, totally unable to believe in men, every last hope canceled by his conviction of human stupidity—this is the fate of H. G. Wells.

HAMILTON BASSO

Their Own Petard

The Hundredth Year, by Philip Guedalla. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 312 pages. \$3.

MR. GUEDALLA has chosen 1936 as a decisive year in world affairs, and here he retells the story of the rise of Franco, the Supreme Court battle, the militarization of the Rhineland, the collapse of sanctions, the abdication of Edward, etc. But his interest is not primarily in the happenings; it is in the personalities involved—especially Edward VIII and Roosevelt, lone wolves emerging in a moth-eaten world of lesser breeds.

The Supreme Court, Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet and the Nazi-Fascist regimes are arranged around these two "progressives" like grotesque dummies, impeding the heroes' common-sense views and fit only to be sport of an author's pen. They are not discussed profoundly, but neatly reduced to little pieces by their own theories and addresses. Hitler is pictured fighting valiantly for "the sanctity of tribal impulses," for a world in the shape of a "Teutonic stud farm, where German could breed endlessly with German without those racial complications which distract the Viennese," and enjoy a *Führerprinzip* "with every German in his place behind a slightly larger German than himself." Most of the gall is reserved for Mr. Guedalla's pet abominations, Stanley Baldwin ("the master of the wistful negative") and the Archbishop of Canterbury; and in a world that is too ready to see Chamberlain's image where his predecessor belongs, this is an apt reminder of Baldwin's years of "government by gravitation." Mr. Guedalla pillories him as never before, mocking and cutting always with extracts from the former Premier's own speeches and suggesting the glee with which he collected every syllable of Baldwin's utterances. That the skill and sophistication hide a passionate worship of Edward VIII does little to spoil their effectiveness. NIGEL DENNIS

New Books for Children

From the yearly harvest of children's books, Miss Jessie Stanton, director of the Harriet Johnson Nursery School in New York City, and Miss Ellen Steele, director of the Rosemary Junior School, Greenwich, Connecticut, have selected the titles that follow.

Familiar experiences make the best story material for the young child. Therefore the books for younger children were chosen by Miss Stanton from those that deal with subjects not too remote from the child's own life. She says that this year many of the "here and now" books are being done from a humorous and imaginative point of view. There are also many good animal stories.

The books for older children, selected by Miss Steele, are chiefly straight fiction, or stories based on history, or authentic descriptions of life in different parts of the world. She says that the new crop of books is better than last year's. The illustrations are unusually good and many authors have discovered fresh subjects and a fresh approach. — THE EDITORS

FOR CHILDREN AGED FOUR TO EIGHT

TOWN; COUNTRY, by Clement Hurd (14 pages each; William R. Scott, \$1.25 each). Two books of ingenious panorama pictures that can be used, when taken out, as nursery murals. The gay, colored illustrations tell a continuous story, and are full of details that small pointing fingers will wear out with use. (Ages two and three.)

TIME FOR BED, by Inez Bertail, illustrated by Nina MacKnight (32 pages; Doubleday, Doran, 50 cents). Clear, simple illustrations, with a sentence or two of text to a page, describing a little boy's afternoon playtime, his bath, supper and tucking into bed. A book mothers will appreciate for use at bedtime. (Age three.)

THE NOISY BOOK, by Margaret Wise Brown, illustrated by Leonard Weisgard (44 pages; William R. Scott, \$1). A little black dog has to wear a bandage over his eyes for a day and, though he can't see, he hears all kinds of noises. The amusing illustrations show what he hears, and the children can take part in the story by naming the sounds and the objects which make them. A book that stimulates the use of the senses. Highly recommended. (Age four.)

PEANUT BUTTER'S SLIDE, by Grace Paull (28 pages; Viking, \$1). This story, and the amusing illustrations of two boys and a goat who lived on a farm and had a passion for sliding, have the freshness, vigor and fun of the country in them. Highly recommended.

COUSIN TOBY, by Clare Turlay Newberry (26 pages; Harpers, \$1.50). A little boy and girl go to visit their baby cousin, learn how to play with him, and then return home to find a new baby brother. Charming, clear illustrations.

THE LITTLE FRENCH FARM, by Lida, illustrated by H. Guertik (24 pages; Harpers, \$1). Unusually charming and gay illustrations of farm animals, with pleasant text.

HOO! HOO! DEWITT, by Frances Duncombe, illustrated by Jean Lamont (32 pages; Holt, \$1.25). A fanciful tale of how a baby owl learned that he could see only at night. Lovely illustrations.

CATERPILLAR, CATERPILLAR, by Jeannette P. Brown, illustrated by Fritz Kredel (20 pages; Harpers, 75 cents). A tiny book with dainty color illustrations describing the transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly.

REMUS, by Oliver Claxton, illustrated by Vince Callahan (32 pages; Harpers, \$1.25). What happens when a circus

elephant goes on a spree in New York City, and how a little orphan boy finds a home with the circus when he and the elephant return together. The pictures make one fond of Remus.

KIP: A YOUNG ROOSTER, by Irma S. Black, illustrated by Kurt Wiese (66 pages; Holiday House, \$1.50). Barnyard happenings, pleasantly described. Large, clear print makes this a good book for a child who can read by himself.

LITTLE TOOT, by Hardie Gramatky (88 pages; Putnam's, \$1.50). Entertaining pictures make this story still more amusing. It's all about a little tugboat who didn't want to work—to the disgust of all his relatives.

THE STORY OF RICKEY, by Margaret S. and Helen Lossing Johnson (88 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$1.75). The adventures and mishaps of an Airedale puppy, as he learns how to become a watchdog on a farm. Very large print makes it easy reading.

PEDRO, NINA AND PERRITO, by Lily Duplaix, illustrated by Barbara Latham (45 pages; Harpers, \$1.50). Lovely lithographs add a great deal to this story of two children and their dog in a New Mexican village.

THE DOG WHO LOOKED AROUND, by Leonard Hyams (59 pages; Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50). Fine photographs taken from a dog's point of view. An interesting way to let children see familiar objects in new relationships.

LET'S GO OUTDOORS, by Harriet E. Huntington, photographs by Preston Duncan (88 pages; Doubleday, Doran, \$2). Marvelous photographs, accompanied by a simple text, of the small outdoor creatures right around us—snails, grasshoppers, etc. Children sense the ways of these small creatures through the pictures. Highly recommended.

MIKE MULLIGAN AND HIS STEAM SHOVEL, by Virginia Lee Burton (44 pages; Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50). Adults as well as children will chortle over this book. The pictures are delightful, and the story of a steam-shovel operator who really loved his steam shovel is unusually fresh and original. Highly recommended.

TOLD UNDER THE MAGIC UMBRELLA, illustrated by Elizabeth Orton Jones (248 pages; Macmillan, \$2). A good collection of modern imaginative stories for younger children, selected by the Literature Committee of the Association for Childhood Education.

THE CHOSEN BABY, by Valentina P. Wasson, illustrated by Hildegard Woodward (46 pages; Carrick and Evans, \$1.50). A book written for the use of parents who are telling a child that it is adopted.

FOR CHILDREN AGED EIGHT TO TEN

KATE FARLEY: PIONEER, by Esther Waite (82 pages; Viking, \$1.75). The story of a little girl who rides to California on her horse beside her father's covered wagon. Charm in the telling and in the line drawings.

I AM A PUEBLO INDIAN GIRL, by E-Yeh-Shure ("Blue Corn"), with an introduction by Oliver La Farge (Morrow, \$1.50). A large book with illustrations in color by native Indian artists. The text is by the little Indian girl, who speaks simply of her surroundings and of her daily life.

FLIGHT OF THE SILVER BIRD, by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll (94 pages; Julian Messner, \$2). A flight from San Francisco over the Pacific Islands to Hongkong, in a clipper. Adventurous and in a tempo suitable to the nine-year-old.

THE WORLD IS ROUND, by Gertrude Stein, illustrated by Clement Hurd (67 pages; William R. Scott, \$2.50). Like "Alice in Wonderland," the popularity of this book among children will depend on what adults think about it and how they read it aloud to children. Quite young children will like the fantasy and rhythm; older ones who can play with words may enjoy the unusual idiom for its own sake.

CHILDREN OF AMERICA, selected by Barbara Nolen; foreword by Lucy Sprague Mitchell (194 pages, illustrated; John C. Winston, \$1.50). Sixteen stories in various present-day American settings, written by favorite authors of children's fiction. Plots have action, characters are human, and the American scene is dramatic in its own right.

KANGUK: A BOY OF BERING STRAIT, as told to William Albee; Eskimo drawings by Kanguk (116 pages; Little, Brown, \$2). Kanguk, son of a famous hunter and carver in ivory, tells his own story of a rigorous and resourceful life. Adults will be interested too.

LUCIO AND HIS NUONG, by Lucy Herndon Crockett (Holt, \$2). A big book with fine, double-spread pictures. The story of Filipino Lucio, who was only six but could manage his father's big, lazy carabao; who slept in the street instead of working in the rice paddies. Amusing text and pictures.

AUGUSTUS AND THE RIVER, by Le Grand Henderson (128 pages; Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50). An uproarious tale about a little boy in a shanty boat and about a flood. More local color in character and dialogue, and more sustained excitement than in many children's books. Illustrations large and funny.

TWO SAILORS, by Warwick M. Tompkins, illustrated with drawings by Robert Freeman and photographs by the author (192 pages; Viking, \$2.50). The classic voyage, round the Horn, made by Captain Tompkins' two children, Commodore and Ann. Life on one of the last of the sailing ships.

THE YOUNGEST CAMEL, by Kay Boyle, illustrated by Fritz Kredel (96 pages, Little, Brown, \$2). A delightful fantasy which might be called an "Every-child" in the world of camels. The morality does not interfere with the realism and humor of the little camel's adventures crossing the desert.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ELEVEN TO FOURTEEN

HEROES, OUTLAWS AND FUNNY FELLOWS of American Popular Tales, by Oliver Beaupré Miller, illustrated by Richard Bennett (332 pages; Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). A grand collection of American folk tales, ranging from Maine to California, from Paul Bunyan to Johnny Appleseed, and including more good tales than most Americans realize have sprung from our soil. Will also appeal to grown-ups.

QUETZAL QUEST, by Victor Wolfgang von Hagen and Quail Hawkins, illustrated by Antonio Sotomayor (197 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$2). A scientific expedition into the jungles of Honduras forms the background for a fascinating story of the part of an Indian boy (twelve) in the quest for the quetzal, a rare bird. Conflict between age-old superstition and the boy's desire to help the quest add to the story. Excellent format and illustrations.

COLUMBUS SAILS, by C. Walter Hodges (127 pages; Coward-McCann, \$2.75). The Columbus story freshly told from the point of view of one of his sailors, a monk, and other characters. The story and the historical scene are both vivid.

DANIEL BOONE, by James Dougherty (95 pages; Viking, \$2.50). Stunning format and strong, colorful illustrations.

THE RISING STAR OF

Random House



**Nine of the New Republic's
"100 Notables" for This Year**

Liddell Hart

THE DEFENCE OF BRITAIN

"A work which may influence the course of this war. . . . It's news as well as history."
—*N. Y. Times*. 444 pages. \$3.50

Joseph Wood Krutch

THE AMERICAN DRAMA SINCE 1918

An informal history of the last twenty years on the American stage, by one of its foremost critics. \$2.50

William Faulkner

THE WILD PALMS

"Clearest and simplest of his novels. . . . Spellbound is the reader's word for it."
—*N. Y. Times*. \$2.50

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SAILOR OFF THE BREMEN And Other Stories

The title story of this collection is the most discussed short story of the year. \$2.00

Six Plays of

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Six dramatic short stories that show the mood of the German people as Hitler rose to power. \$2.50

Random House, Publishers
20 EAST 57 ST., N. Y. C.

People and real wilderness country are in this story of an American pioneer. There are body and weight to the text.

DANIEL BOONE: MASTER OF THE WILDERNESS, by John Bakeless (495 pages; Morrow, \$3.50). The more complete life of Boone for the reader whose interest goes in for greater depth and detail based on source material.

BOY WITH A PACK, by Stephen W. Meader, illustrated by Edward Shenton (297 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$2). A seventeen-year-old boy with a tin trunk goes as a Yankee peddler from New York to Ohio in 1837, through old towns, along roads, down canals and rivers. His getting involved with a runaway slave makes engrossing reading.

WOODEN SADDLES, by Marion Lay, illustrated by Addison Burbank (175 pages; Morrow, \$2). The arresting story of Chico, a Mexican boy, in his own land. Something of Mexico and a good deal of the real boy.

DRINA: ENGLAND'S YOUNG VICTORIA, by Marion W. Flexner (276 pages; Coward-McCann, \$2.50). A lively and very human biography of Queen Victoria from the age of four until the Prince Consort enters the scene. Girls interested in princesses will find this entrancing.

FLYING HOOFS, edited by Wilhelmina Harper, illustrated by Paul Brown (292 pages; Houghton Mifflin, \$2). A collection to meet the universal cry for stories of ponies and horses of now and long ago. The love of man and horse plays a great part in the working out of the plots. Here are thoroughbreds, westerns, waggoners and gaucho ponies.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The title listed below is among The New Republic's 100 NOTABLE BOOKS OF 1939

*To Really Understand
the European Situation
You Must Read*

DAYS OF OUR YEARS

By Pierre Van Paassen

Over 200,000 Copies Sold

\$3.50 • HILLMAN-CURL, PUBLISHERS

OCEAN-BORN MARY, by Lois Lenski (388 pages; Stokes, \$2). Another history story by a writer popular with children—this time about a little girl rescued by a pirate captain, and her subsequent life in New Hampshire before the Revolution. Some humor and some atmosphere.

MACHINES AND THE MEN WHO MADE THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY, by Gertrude Hartman (274 pages; Macmillan, \$2.50). Excellent statement of the difficult evolution of many inventions and machines that are now so easily accepted in the modern world. Illustrated with a wealth of old prints, photographs and drawings.

HO FOR CALIFORNIA, by Enid Johnson, illustrated by Anne Merriman Peck (243 pages; Harpers, \$2). New Englanders from Nantucket drawn to California in '49 took a sea route on a cargo schooner with an overland Panama trip included. Great relief from the usual covered-wagon trip West; characters develop and the story is told in a simple, straightaway style.

DIANTHA'S SIGNET RING, by Gertrude Crownfield, illustrated by Ervine Metzl (172 pages; Crowell, \$2). A story of Williamsburg in 1718, when it was only thirteen years old. Lots of action, in an authentic setting of the old Virginia capital. Format unusual, good illustrations.

OUR SMALL NATIVE ANIMALS, by Robert Snedigar, illustrated (307 pages; Random House, \$2.50). Interesting reading for all who love the wild animals of our own woods, fields and mountains, by a member of the staff of the Museum of Natural History. Helpful to those who make pets of the smaller wild animals.

PIRATE OF CHATHAM SQUARE, by Emma Gelders Sterne, illustrated by Marc Simont (212 pages; Dodd, Mead, \$2). New York in 1839—a very lively town, with many characters of the day brought into conflict over the introduction of the steam train. A high point is a race between Manhattan's best team of horses and a train driven by an ex-pirate.

AMERICA'S TREASURE, by W. Maxwell Reed, edited by Carey Croneis (395 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$3). A book of photographs by the author of "Earth for Sam" and "Sea for Sam." Helpful information about geology and metallurgy, showing the modern use of earth's treasures.

RUNAWAY PRENTICE, by Ethel Parton, illustrated by Margaret Platt (280 pages; Viking, \$2). Old Newburyport in 1800, the time of sailing ships and Barbary pirates, sea-port taverns and mysterious travelers. An apprentice in a misfit job bolts. The story is packed with incidents and has suspense.

GO AND FIND WIND, by Erick Berry (252 pages; Oxford, \$2). The clipper "David Crockett," at the time steam ships are conquering sail. The writer has used old records and diaries to give a vivid picture of the shipbuilding, the period and the people.

HOMES IN THE WILDERNESS, by W. Bradford, illustrated by Mary Wilson Stewart (75 pages; William R. Scott, \$2). Actual journal of William Bradford and members of the Mayflower company—their landing at Cape Cod, exploring, settling, and their meeting with the Indians. Language somewhat modern, but the flavor is of vigorous King James English.

HOW THEY MAKE A MOTION PICTURE, by Ray Hoadley, illustrated with photographs by Roman Freulich (119 pages; Crowell, \$2). Stunning photographs illustrate the clear, readable reporting of this fascinating industry. Good on the animated cartoons. For older children, but they will have to share the book with their parents.

JESSIE STANTON and ELLEN STEELE

Adler

Alfred Adler: A Biography, by Phyllis Bottome. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 340 pages. \$3.

THE TERMS "inferiority complex" and "masculine protest" today belong to the vocabulary of every educated layman. Nearly everyone knows that they were coined by Dr. Alfred Adler. But the public's knowledge of Adler does not go much farther. He is generally regarded as a psychoanalyst and is usually mentioned second in the triumvirate of Freud, Adler and Jung. Actually he was not a psychoanalyst at all, but an early adherent of Freud who left the psychoanalytic movement as long ago as 1910 to found his own school of "Individual Psychology." Miss Bottome, the English novelist, was a student of Dr. Adler's and he chose her to write his biography. The book thus has an official stamp as a history of Individual Psychology as well as a life of its founder.

Psychoanalysts feel about Individual Psychologists much as Stalinists feel about Trotskyites. Not only is the same bitterness there, but the history of the Adlerian deviation from the main trend of psychoanalytic thought is very similar to Trotsky's deviation from the thought of the Third International. What future history will bring to Stalin and Trotsky we cannot tell. But Freud and Adler are dead and we can already see something of the judgment of history. Freud left behind him a series of theories which have vast implications for internal medicine, psychiatry and sociology; a series of books which are becoming recognized as masterpieces of German literature, and a large group of followers with influence in both medicine and sociology. Adler, dying four years before Freud, left behind him one or two important concepts for psychiatry, some very confused and poorly written psychiatric popularizations, and a handful of followers, few of whom have either medical or sociological influence. In the final analysis, his importance hinges on his early support of Freud.

Adler was a fairly successful medical practitioner with a ready wit and a good stage presence who was impressed with Freud's early writings. When the Vienna Neue Freie Presse printed a scathing review of "The Analysis of Dreams," Adler came to Freud's support, joined his circle and for about ten years made definite contributions to the growing science of psychoanalysis. In 1910 Adler decided that he could no longer accept the Freudian ideas about psychosexuality and that his own ideas about universal inferiority feelings and their compensation through masculine protest were more basic. He consequently withdrew from the psychoanalytic movement and founded his own school. Since then the Adlerians have always blamed Freud's tyrannical dominance of the movement for Adler's resignation, and the Freudians have dismissed Adler as an upstart who wanted to run the show. At all events, Adler left the movement complaining, "Why should I always do my work under your shadow?" From that time he devoted most of his efforts to establishing his Individual Psychology as a rival theory on equal footing with psychoanalysis.

This biography of Adler written by an Adlerian is largely an apologia for his failure, although in no place is that failure openly admitted. When a novelist writes a medical biography, we may be sure that its strength will be in psy-

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The titles listed below are among The New Republic's 100 NOTABLE BOOKS OF 1939

By the co-author of *MIDDLETOWN*

KNOWLEDGE FOR WHAT?

BY ROBERT S. LYND

A VIGOROUS study of the place of social science in American culture. "The most searching volume in the annals of self-criticism in American social science." —Max Lerner, *New Republic*. "Ought not to be missed." —N. Y. Times. Second Printing. \$2.50

The story of America's
"Propaganda Ministry" . . .

WORDS THAT WON THE WAR

BY JAMES R. MOCK and
CEDRIC LARSON

MANY BOOKS have been published on wartime propaganda as it is practiced in Europe; here is the first book to tell the fascinating story of America's stampede into war fever, and how it was achieved. Its sources are the Creel committee archives that have been buried in a dusty War Department basement for twenty years. 44 illustrations. 388 pages. \$3.75

PRINCETON
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chological characterizations and literary style, and its weakness in discussions of technical medical matters. Thus, Miss Bottome is often inaccurate in her exposition of the Freudian theories and their relation to the Adlerian. On the other hand, the psychological characterizations of Adler, his friends, his opponents and his family are lively and good. Miss Bottome realizes that she is biased in Adler's favor and actually goes out of her way to stress his many weak and unpleasant characteristics. But every time she mentions something unflattering to Adler—for instance, the discordant notes in his marriage, the sloppy fashion in which many of his books were put together, his constant serious quarrels with his adherents—she immediately afterwards takes pains to bring in the "mitigating circumstances." This gives the book an argumentative tone that makes one wonder if she was thoroughly happy in writing it.

J. F. BROWN

Lost Sanctuary

Capital City, by Mari Sandoz. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

MARI SANDOZ knows her America between the Mississippi and the Rockies in all its human and geographical dimensions. In her three books she has covered the section from the 1860's to 1940—the pioneer stage, the years of transition and the time of disillusion—with bitter realism. Together they tell the story of a lost promise. In "Old Jules," the biography of her father, she showed what it cost the Midwest settlers from Europe to give up their language, their familiar scenes, their blood ties, to start life in a new country, handicapped by strange wild earth and a foreign tongue. It was a price they paid for freedom from oppression, persecution, poverty; and a price they considered cheap for the blessings they hoped to get. In "Slogum House," the goblins of greed and corruption had made their entry. Pioneer hardihood had become commercial ruthlessness; prostitution degenerated from earthy lustiness into slick organization; the law was a tool to help the land barons dispossess simple hard-working farmers.

"Capital City" is the close of a series that builds into a trilogy, the end result. Somewhere between seedtime and harvest, democracy had changed its nature and lost its promise. The America of 1940 is not what the simple settlers had planned to build. Instead of peace, they face possible new wars; in place of religious and racial tolerance, they find Gold Shirts; the hope of plenty has become a dust bowl. The sons and daughters of men who battled the advent of corruption at the cost of their lives are the smug exploiters, the social climbers, the politicians, who are betraying the hope for which their ancestors gave up their homes.

In this new novel Miss Sandoz includes all the ingredients of the evil brew. They are on detailed view—and the detail is that of an authority. The trouble is that the display is so cluttered that the eye and mind become weary. The biographical plan adopted in "Old Jules" gave cohesion to a theme; it was a magnificent success. In changing to the novel form Miss Sandoz herself has failed of her original promise. Instead of characters, the people are characteristics—egoism, vanity, lust, stupidity, weakness; or their opposites—courage, intelligence, humility, strength.

The purity of her blacks and whites gives outline to the author's subject, but no flesh or color to the actors. One can hardly expect the daughter of tyrannical Old Jules to see life lightly, or to compromise with hypocrisy; but unalloyed spiritual earnestness is as hard to live with and for as wickedness.

B. E. BETTINGER

A Reader's List

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

RUTHERFORD: The Life and Letters of the Right Honorable Lord Rutherford, by A. S. Eve. (Macmillan, \$5). This first authorized biography of a great English scientist, written by one of his collaborators, will be valued chiefly for the many letters and personal papers it contains. Dr. Eve's own narrative, though conscientious, is singularly lacking in animation and color, and little attempt is made either to humanize Lord Rutherford or trace the development of his profoundly original scientific ideas.

WHISTLER'S FATHER, by Albert Parry (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50). Major Whistler, the painter's father, who built the Moscow-St. Petersburg railroad; his puritan wife Anna, of the famous portrait; their family; the morbid despot Tsar Nicholas I and his corrupt bureaucracy are here presented in a fluid narrative, tinged with gentle irony. The oppressive atmosphere of Russian life in the forties is admirably evoked. A very readable book, enriched with well chosen illustrations.

JACK LONDON AND HIS TIMES, by Joan London (Doubleday, \$3). A shrewd and pretty complete study of an amazing life—though clogged a bit on the "his times" side by a lecture-note rehearsal of the modern world. London's daughter, writing from letters, journals, the collected works and the collective knowledge of family and friends, plays down the sensational without sparing a weakness—indeed, in her scrupulous analysis of London as adventurer, writer, man and sometime socialist, she rather underestimates his actual achievements.

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US, by Howard Spring (Viking, \$2.25). A short sketch covering the boyhood of the author of "My Son, My Son." No family-album nostalgia here but a straightforward, agreeable portrait of a kid from Cardiff who had too much trouble just being anybody to worry more than occasionally about becoming somebody.

FICTION

TOMMY GALLAGHER'S CRUSADE, by James T. Farrell (Vanguard, \$1). A short, pungent tract by the author of "Studs Lonigan." Tommy Gallagher can't hold a job. He hawks Father Moylan's Christian Justice in front of the Public Library; pickets a radio station that refuses to broadcast the Father's anti-Semitic, anti-Red sermons; tries to break up an anti-Fascist soap-box meeting and gets his eye blackened. "All characters," the publisher notes, "are fictitious."

ILLUSION IN JAVA, by Gene Fowler (Random House, \$2.50). A pretty little tale of love among the rice barns and copper pots and story-book folklore of Java. The hero is a wandering minstrel whose prize bull leads him to fortune. A bit too quaint and colorful for our taste.

VERA, by Georg Kaiser (Alliance, \$2.50). Translated by R. Wills Thomas. The story of Boris, a Russian officer supposedly killed in the war, and Vera, his wife, likewise

Notable Books from CHAPEL HILL

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- "Some of these pages are as literature more powerful than anything I have read in fiction."—Charles A. Beard. "An important contribution to our understanding of Southern civilization."—Virginius Dabney in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. **IN THE NEW REPUBLIC LIST OF 100 NOTABLE BOOKS OF 1939.**

TOBE • by STELLA GENTRY SHARPE

Illustrations by CHARLES FARRELL

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CAROLINA GARDENS • by E. T. H. SHAFFER

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MODERN POETRY AND THE TRADITION •

by CLEANTH BROOKS

- A study presenting the thesis that English poetry and poetic theory were deflected from their richest line of development by the scientific rationalism which came with Hobbes and has continued its restrictive influence to the present day. *\$3.00*

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

mistakenly thought dead. A girl in a Paris cafe and a fantastic father-in-law add macabre complications. Less affecting than it should be for a book in which fate waves so grim and meaningful a finger.

LIVE AND KICKING NED, by John Masefield (Macmillan, \$2.50). The sequel to "Dead Ned" is an escape novel if

ever there was one—for reader and hero. The hero gets away from his hanging, from a slave ship, from African natives, even from his death sentence in England. The author makes it all very wild and exciting, but Masefield the novelist is several ladder-rungs below Masefield the poet.

Contributors

RALPH BATES, an English novelist who served for more than a year in the Spanish Republican army, is the author of three novels, "Lean Men," "The Olive Field" and "Rainbow Fish," and of a book of short stories, "Sirocco."

ROBERT M. MACGREGOR has worked in New York City for Harcourt, Brace, and in China for the U. P.

H. N. BRAILSFORD, London correspondent for The New Republic, is widely known as a writer on history, economics and international affairs.

KENNETH BURKE, author of "Attitude Toward History," is now working on a study that attempts to codify the various modes of symbolic action, as they are revealed in the various strategies of proverbs, poetry, philosophy, diplomacy, propaganda, social repartee, etc.

HAMILTON BASSO has written five novels about the South, the most recent of which is "Days Before Lent," published by Scribner's. He is spending the winter in South Hadley, Massachusetts.

NIGEL DENNIS is an English novelist and critic who has been living in the United States for several years.

J. F. BROWN, professor of Psychology at the University of Kansas and chief research psychologist at the Menninger Clinic at Topeka, is the author of "Psychology and the Social Order." His new book, "Psychodynamics," will be published by McGraw-Hill next spring.

B. E. BETTINGER, a member of the staff of The New Republic, has contributed book reviews to The Nation, The Saturday Review of Literature and The New York Herald Tribune Books.

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